THE CONNOISSEUR:

OR,

Every MAN *in his* FOLLY.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted by

His MAJESTY's Company of Comedians

At the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

Tenet Insanabile multos scribendi Cacoethes.

Humbly Dedicated to the CONNOISSEURS.

LONDON:

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TO THE CONNOISSEURS.

GENTLEMEN,

I FIND my ſelf ſo much *indebted* to you for the *Reception* this Piece has met with, that I thought I could do no leſs than *publickly* to acknowledge the *Favour*: for while I was endeavouring to ſhew other People their Blindneſs, *You*, *Gentlemen*, have cured me of mine: 'Tis *You* that have reſcued me from the Danger of having dedicated all my future idle Hours to Scribling; which may now perhaps be more uſefully employ'd in picking my Teeth; *You* that kindly diſ-

courag'd a Young *Sinner* in his firſt *Offence*; to *You* I ſhall owe all the Benefits of a future Abſtinence from Ink and Paper; and to *Your* indulgent Hiſſes, the terrible Eſcape I had from becoming an Author of Repute; tho' *You* may think there was little Danger in that Reſpect. But my Friends ſeem to doubt whether what *You* did, was really from this charitable Motive or not; and they mention two other Inducements You might have had to damn it; firſt, that the Play was bad, and deſerved it: But how can an Author find in his Heart to believe ſo ſincere a Truth as this?---Others aſſure me *You* were afraid of the *Satire*; but Satire is what I plainly never intended.

I am,

Gentlemen,

Your much obliged,

Thankful, humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THERE *is ſcarce an uſeful* Study *or* Profeſſion, *that is not carried to a ridiculous Exceſs by ſome weak Pretenders:* Phyſick *has its* Quacks, *the* Law *its* Blunderers, *and polite* Literature *its falſe* Connoiſſeurs *or* Virtuoſi: *The Elegance of Dreſs degenerates in ſome into Foppery; and Wits are aped by Coxcombs: Yet when the* Comic *Writer repreſents any of thoſe* Characters, *it is never intended that he levels at any thing but the Exceſs. A modeſt Man in rich Cloaths, can never be offended at ſeeing a Fop expoſed; nor ſhould a Man of*

true

true *Taste in polite Literature, fansy that he can possibly be the Subject of Ridicule: And that Author, who attempts to satirize what is not in itself, or in the Abuse of it,* vicious, *or* ridiculous, *deserves* Reproach.

I thought it necessary to make this Distinction, lest any Person of real Learning might inadvertently take Offence at the false CONNOISSEUR *in the* Play, *or suspect that the* Dedication *is inscribed to Men of* true *Taste; whom tho' I have not the Vanity to expect for* Friends, *yet I dare say they would never have troubled themselves to be my* Enemies.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

Written by *AARON HILL*, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. *QUIN*.

YOU call the Stage a Glass, *and look to find*
The Imag'd Passion, and reflected Mind;
Yet, in one Point, our *Glass but ill agrees*
With yours, *where each his own Resemblance sees:*
Whereas, in ours, *each* SELF *is dimly shewn,*
But every other's *Likeness strongly known.*
'Tis the same thing in Life; *Nature is* kind,
And to home *Follies keeps us wisely* blind:
Else, what dejected Wits, what crest-fall'n Airs,
Shou'd none dare rallie *the Defect he shares!*
Each Eye, turn'd inward, *less wou'd there be seen*
To raise the Spirits, than provoke the Spleen.
Yet tho' Self-Censure might disturb the Gay,
And Pride turn startled from the sad Survey;
Rightly conceiv'd, the oft-examin'd Pain
Wou'd slowly ripen, *into solid* Gain:
Each losing something to the common Store,
Wou'd from the general Profit *draw back more;*
What Malice miss'd, *Benevolence wou'd find,*
And Joy, and Peace, refill the balanc'd Mind.
Fix'd on this Point, and bending, to the Wise,
Our Author not his Wit, but Reason, *tries;*

Full

PROLOGUE.

Full to your View presents that partial Pride,
By which all Weakness, but our own is try'd.
Each can, with Eagle's Eye, the Frailty see,
Which, none more practises, more loves than HE!
All we propose, all we dare wish or hope,
Lies circumscrib'd within this humble Scope;
Weigh the Design: and where small Faults you find,
Let the Clouds *pass: And watch the Light behind.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *CLIVE*.

SIlence— ſit down, Sirs,— Hats off, that will do,
I know you love a Joke, if it be new;
You ſmart Ones of the Pit——— I ſpeak to you.
Criticks——— miſtake me not, for I proteſt,
Not one of you *are aim'd at in the Jeſt;*
But I perceive, among you, ſome of thoſe,
Our Author has to-night thought fit t'expoſe,
You, Virtuoſi——— Connoiſſeurs——— *and* Beaux.
A Poet may——— by juſt Dramatick Laws,
Except againſt ſuch Jurors in his Cauſe,
As Parties in the Suit——— His humble Pray'r
Is, therefore, only to the Wiſe and Fair,
For this firſt Fault the Criminal you'd ſpare.
'Tis from the Life his Characters are ſhewn,
You're firſt invited here——— then pencil'd down:
Thoſe only are to blame— who will the Likeneſs own.
As for Example——— Here's my Lord, and I,
Perhaps this Circle may'nt the like ſupply;
O, yes, it does!——— I have you in my Eye;

And,

EPILOGUE.

And, gad,—— you're no unfaſhionable Pair.
But huſh—— ſit ſtill—— you own it if you ſtir.
In Araminta! *Pha—— ill-judging Creature,*
He has not hit you in one ſingle Feature;
To make her ſqueamiſhly reject a Lover,
When ev'ry Trial that could ſhock was over,
And nought remain'd but what with Joy ſhould move her.
She is no Woman, faith— who, in that Station,
Cou'd run the dangerous Risk of Heſitation;
Gad! we're for no ſuch tickliſh Situation:
Give us a Certainty, however ſmall,
It muſt be better, ſure, than—— none at all.
But hold! what need have I ſuch Truths to tell?
You penetrating Devils!—— you know't too well.
Next of our Author's Humour, Wit and Plot,
Style—— Chaſte Expreſſion, and—— I know not what.
I ſaw how 'twas—— and, faith,— I ask'd him plainly
If he propos'd Succeſs, from being cleanly?
I bad him, here and there, throw in a Scene
(But pray, ſays I—— take care it's wrapt up clean)
Of ſomething---- Pſha!---- You all know what I mean.
I own I bluſh'd—— But he bluſh'd more than I,
And ſaid—— If I can tell you—— let me die.
What do you think the filthy Fellow ſaid?
That his chaſte Muſe had yet---- her---- Maidenhead,
And ſhou'd not be a Proſtitute, egad.
But now—— I have a Word or two to ſay,
To you who feel the Satire of the Play:

What!

EPILOGUE.

What! you expect——— that I ſhould court your Favour,
Curtſy— and pray——— I ſcorn ſuch poor Behaviour.
Don't you all know, when you with us diſpute,
We have an Argument to ſtrike you mute?
And as Friend Bayes *has ſaid— Look to't— we'll do't.*
Then yield at once——— nor 'gainſt our Poet thunder;
I'll try, if you, or I, will be kept under.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lord Conſtant,	Mr. *Quin.*
Lord Modely,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Sir Godfrey Trinket,	Mr. *Griffin.*
Sir Harry Gaylove,	Mr. *W. Mills.*
Cheatly,	Mr. *Mechlin.*
Signior Bagatteli,	Mr. *Salway.*
Tom,	Mr. *Turbutt.*
William,	Mr. *Croſs.*

WOMEN.

Flavia,	Mrs. *Clive.*
Araminta,	Miſs *Holiday.*
Mrs. Freelove,	Mrs. *Pritchard.*
Lucy,	Mrs. *Croſs.*

SCENE, *LONDON.*

Juſt Publiſh'd,

(*Very proper to be bound to the* Spectators, Tatlers, *&c.*)

The MOTTOES of the SPECTATORS, TATLERS and GUARDIANS, tranſlated into *Engliſh*. [Price bound, 2*s.* 6*d.*]

THE CONNOISSEUR:

OR,

Every Man in his Folly.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* Godfrey Trinket's *House.*

Enter Araminta *and Sir* Harry.

Sir HARRY.

I Hope, Sister, every thing has conspir'd to make you happy during my Absence, and my Uncle's Humanity render'd the Loss of our good Father the less insupportable.

Aram. Sir *Harry*, things are strangely alter'd; for my Uncle is ———

Sir *Har.* What, *Araminta!* is Sir *Godfrey* less tender of you; or his Daughter insensible of the Honour you do her? Having both lost your Mothers, it was thought

fit you ſhou'd be together; but the Condeſcenſion was from you. *Flavia* may be virtuous, yet ſhe's a Flirt; and it adds not a little to the World's Indulgence of her Levity, that you honour her with an Intimacy.

Aram. This brotherly Tenderneſs, Sir *Harry*, gives me infinite Pleaſure; yet it injures my Uncle, for he ſtill is indulgent.

Sir *Har.* Wherein then conſiſts your Uneaſineſs?

Aram. You know Sir *Godfrey*'s Diſtemper; his Paſſion for Curioſities is of late grown extravagant.

Sir *Har.* And the Delicacy of your Good-nature, I ſuppoſe, won't ſuffer you to join with the World in deſpiſing ſo ridiculous a Paſſion.

Aram. I own it; I am mortify'd when I ſee a Man of good Senſe flatter'd into the Vanity of being diſtinguiſhable for Trifles.

Sir *Har.* O, my Dear, his Taſte is a Trifle! —— an *Indian* Pebble, a Shell, or a Picture, is the height of his Ambition.

Aram. 'Twould amaze you, Brother, to ſee with what Pleaſure he will ſit, to hear *Cheatly* compliment him with an elegant Taſte, and the Title of *Engliſh Virtuoſo*.

Sir *Har.* Not at all: I've ſeen a Woman of ſixty fancy herſelf in her Bloom, and give more Credit to her Lover, than to her Glaſs; I've known a Squint paſs upon another for a languiſhing Softneſs — I've ſeen a wealthy great Booby flatter'd into the Conceit of a Genius, and a buſy Bungler in Buſineſs become vain from his Dexterity in ſpoiling of Buſineſs. In ſhort, I find *Cheatly*'s a very civil Fellow; he'll put no Man out of Humour with himſelf.

Aram. A very impudent Fellow in my Mind; for his Exceſs of Complaiſance is more intolerable than Ill-breeding.

Sir *Har.* Fortune, my Dear, obliges her Favourites; ſhe lands them on the Coaſt of Folly, and there bids

bids them be great; it's the Soil they muſt thrive in——

Aram. Th'Imputation, I fear, falls heavy on our Houſe. We've a conſtant Aſſembly of the Learned and Curious in Trifles, and all Foreigners too.

Sir *Har.* Foreigners! Vagabonds—Fellows who are eſteem'd by the Ignorant like bad Wine, becauſe not of our own Growth.

Aram. Or like a dull Faſhion which prevails by its Novelty. I've often wonder'd, Brother, why we chuſe to import our Follies.

Sir *Har.* As your Uncle chuſes his Curioſities, becauſe they are Foreign; or perhaps to diſtinguiſh us from the Vulgar. For you obſerve, we leave them off, when they become general; and not, till then, perceive them ridiculous.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lord *Conſtant*'s below.

Sir *Har.* Lord *Conſtant!* ——ſhew him up.

Aram. Sir *Harry*, I'll leave you.

Sir *Har.* By no means: My Lord will be glad to ſee you.

Aram. [*Aſide.*] O! that your Words were true, or that I lov'd him leſs. ——— Brother, you ſeem to forget where his Lordſhip's Inclinations are fix'd——this Viſit's to *Flavia.*

Sir *Har.* What? is he ſtill in the Number of that vain Girl's Admirers? I concluded that the Levity of her Temper wou'd have ſhock'd his nice Senſe of Virtue, and ſo cured him of his Folly.

Aram. I fancy his Lordſhip is in no great Danger of Bluſhing, for the Power of *Flavia*'s Charms will juſtify his Paſſion to his Heart, if not to his Reaſon.

Sir *Har.* Siſter, when a Woman boaſts no more than a meer Outſide, to admire her for that alone, is a more prepoſterous Idolatry than that of the *Indians*, who

pay Homage to the Devil, becauſe he has Power to do Miſchief.

Aram. Well, Sir *Harry*, I'll leave you to debate that Point, while I go and hurry my Couſin; ſhe has been at her Toilet theſe three Hours.

Sir *Har.* And do you fancy that her Love of him will hurry her from herſelf?

Aram. Nay, I am not in her Secrets. [*Exit.*

Enter Lord Conſtant.

L. *Conſt.* Dear *Harry!* you're welcome to *London.* [*They embrace.*

Sir *Har.* Tell me, how does *Flavia!* I enquire not after your Health—To ask a Lover of his Miſtreſs's Welfare, is the ſureſt way (I take it) to come at a Knowledge of his own.

L. *Conſt.* Gay Creature.

Sir *Har.* Nay, 'faith, I left you a paſſionate Lover.

L. *Conſt.* And you find me a diſtracted one.

Sir *Har.* I'm ſorry to hear that my Lord——But the State of Love at beſt is liable to Revolutions: and your Miſtreſs, I fear, is an errant Republican.

L. *Conſt.* O, *Harry*, ſhe's Exſtaſy, and Torment; Rain, and Sun-ſhine.

Sir *Har.* S'death, my Lord, pluck up your Spirits, arm your Heart with Indifference, and laugh at the Inconſtant.

L. *Conſt.* That is not in my Power; you know, *Harry*, our Love began when ſhe yet had not ſeen the World, and I thought her too young for a Wife. Then it was that her native Innocence, and artleſs Beauty, deceiv'd my Heart into Tenderneſs: She charm'd without Deſign, and maintain'd, becauſe ſhe knew not her Conqueſt. But would you believe it now ſhe feels the Woman within her——

Sir *Har.* She acts what ſhe feels, I ſuppoſe, and claims a Right to the Follies, which her Sex have ſet up a Charter for; ha, ha, ha!

L. *Conſt.*

L. *Conſt.* And yet ſhe would perſuade me, nay, my fond Wiſhes often betray me into a Belief, that ſhe loves me: But then, if a new Face appears,——O, *Harry! Flavia*'s incircled with Men, ſhe talks without Interval, ſmiles on every Admirer, advances on the Backward, encourages the Forward; and if I reproach her light Conduct, ſhe cries, *Lard, I do it for Diverſion, harmleſs, innocent Diverſion: Mayn't one laugh at a Fellow, but one muſt love him? Sure, you have a mean Opinion of me; that ſuch Wretches can alarm you; Fops, Fools, Things of no Conſequence*; — and then burſts into Laughter, or ſometimes into Rage; recriminates in her Turn, and compels me to Submiſſion by an affected Jealouſy. She taxes me with entertaining a Paſſion for *Araminta.*

Sir *Har.* For my Siſter, my Lord?

L. *Conſt.* Yes, thy virtuous Siſter; O, *Harry!* that my Heart were free, or that *Flavia* poſſeſs'd a Mind like hers! —— But it's too late——

Sir *Har.* To recover your Reaſon——

L. *Conſt.* What Influence my Reproaches may have on her Conduct, or her repeated Provocations on mine, a few Days more will determine: But the laſt time I ſaw her, we parted in a Quarrel. She abſolutely made Love to that Feather of Foppery——

Sir *Har.* Lord *Modely?*

L. *Conſt.* The ſame.

Sir *H.* A gay Nothing!

L. *Conſt.* A pert Inſignificance: Still affecting to have Wit, which he fancies to conſiſt in Geſticulations, Obſcenity, and Laughter.

Sir *Har.* It's the modiſh Wit, my Lord; and I think he excels in it. I've ſeen him put a Lady to the Bluſh with a Grin and a *double Entendre*, ſmile at her Confuſion, and hug himſelf in the Satisfaction of having been faſhionably unpardonable.

L. *Conſt.* But, ſhou'd ſome Fellow without Senſe or Embroidery happen, by Affectation of Wit, to diſ-

cover his Want of it, you may ſee his Lordſhip turn up his Noſe, and ſquint Surprize at any Man's daring to aſſume the Title of Fool, who wanted that of Lord.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! his being your Rival, my Lord, I find, has enliven'd the Colouring.

L. *Conſt.* Faith, *Harry*, you wrong me; the Folly I hate, but the Man I deſpiſe.

Sir *Har.* Have a care, my Lord; he's no ſuch contemptible Adverſary, when Woman holds the Scale of Fortune.

L. *Conſt.* True; and I find my Fears double upon me, when I think of her Levity.——Dear *Harry*, lend me thy kind Aſſiſtance.

Sir *Har.* My Life and Fortune, my Lord, to help you forget her.

L. *Conſt.* Rather indulge my Paſſion: She's young, and may be reclaim'd; nay, perhaps, ſhe aſſumes the Character but with view to try my Temper.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! look you, my Lord, I won't be acceſſary to your Undoing, I'm reſolv'd.

L. *Conſt.* As how?

Sir *Har.* In ſhort, I cannot, with juſtice to my Conſcience, adviſe you to marry; that were Counſel againſt Reaſon.

L. *Conſt.* What then would you have me do?

Sir *Har.* Do! Follow my Example: Indulge a free Paſſion for ſome generous Woman, that will meet you without Fettering; this is a Doctrine, I aſſure you, encouraged and countenanc'd by Ladies of moſt refin'd Sentiments. Then you may find ſome young, tender, beautiful Creature, ha! my Lord! one, you may mold into any Form; one untaught in every Art, but that of pleaſing the Eye; for it's no more the Cuſtom to inſtruct the Mind. Or ſhould you happen to fail in that, there are briſk experienc'd Widows about Town, freſh eſcap'd from the Plague of Wedlock.

L. *Conſt.* Ha, ha, ha! There are ſo, *Harry*: And you

you would ſeriouſly adviſe me to follow your Example?

Sir *Har.* Seriouſly I would, my Lord.

L. *Conſt.* You, who fancy a Woman in Poſſeſſion of the very Virtue you robb'd her of?

Sir *Har.* Nay, I but borrow'd it, my Lord.

L. *Conſt.* Faith I believe thee; for her Virtue, like thy Purſe, is at every honeſt, neceſſitous Fellow's Service.

Sir *Har.* How! my Lord.

L. *Conſt.* O, you're alarm'd — I did not imagine, Sir, that your free and generous Paſſion could have admitted of Jealouſy: Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Har.* I jealous! No faith, my Lord; my Blood runs ſmooth in calm Security, and I'm reſolv'd not to diſturb its Courſe by impertinent Enquiry. [*Sings.*

But the Wretch that would be knowing
What the Fair one wou'd diſguiſe,
Only ſeeks his own Undoing,
Changing happy to be wiſe.

L. *Conſt.* So eaſy upon the matter? [*Aſide.*] Suppoſe I cou'd ſtart a Doubt of thy Miſtreſs's Conſtancy, wou'd it not awaken thy Curioſity? Would it not ruffle that Calm a little? Ha!

Sir *Har.* Not in the leaſt: Let ſcrupulous Bigots be damn'd before they die; let jealous Husbands feel for their Horns before they have budded; I anticipate no Pain. [*Sings.*

Who would live in jealous Flames,
When thoſe of Love afford ſuch Bliſs?

L. *Conſt.* Very well, Sir; but ſuppoſe I ſhou'd name your Rival, and give you ſome Proofs of her Gallantry.

Sir *Har.* Nay, pray, my Lord, what is't you mean?

You affect an Air of Gravity that wou'd give any other Man Uneaſineſs.

L. *Conſt.* Faith, *Harry*, I am ſerious; I am credibly inform'd that *Cheatly* makes Love to her.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! the Virtuoſo! She muſt deſpiſe the Fellow; —— ſhe laughs at him.

L. *Conſt.* With him, I ſhou'd think; for I ſaw them very merry together at the laſt New Play.

Sir *Har.* Hell and Torture.

L. *Conſt.* So! Now I ha' done.

Sir *Har.* Pſhaw! Pray go on.

L. *Conſt.* By no Means: What, diſturb your balmly Repoſe? [*Sings.*

And who would live in jealous Flames,
When thoſe of Love afford ſuch Bliſs?

Sir *Har.* Pray, my dear Lord, fool me no longer; you know I hate Pain. Come, what more do you know?

L. *Conſt.* You ſhall hear, — but hold! I ſee your Uncle and *Cheatly* full loaden with Rarities from ſome Auction: We'll take a Turn in the Garden. [*Ex.*

Enter Sir Godfrey *and* Cheatly, *follow'd by Footmen with Pictures, Buſts, old China, and a Fly-trap.*

Sir *Godf.* Mr. *Cheatly*, this has been a fortunate Morning; we've bought abundance of rare and curious Things.

Cheat. An elegant Taſte, ſuch as yours, Sir *Godfrey*, aſſerts it ſelf in its Elegance of Chuſing.

Sir *Godf.* Nay, if there be any thing above the Vulgar in my Taſte, it poſitively is owing to my Converſe with you.

Cheat. O, dear Sir, you are your ſelf the very Fountain of Taſte. Why, there now, [*Points to the Fly-trap.*] there's an Inſtance; you may challenge the curious World for a Piece of Machinery, to equal that Fly-trap.

Sir

Sir *Godf.* Ay; the Machine's a pretty Machine enough — it's from *India*.

Cheat. My Lord *Antique* fix'd his Eye once or twice upon it, I was ſadly afraid he wou'd have enhanc'd the Price.

Sir *Godf.* Ha, ha, ha! Lord *Antique!* he bid for a Piece of Curioſity! —— Sir, you don't know him; he's the moſt old-faſhion'd Fellow alive; his Taſte is Hiſtory, Antiquity, and dry muſty Books; but I don't boaſt of it. I have a Manuſcript myſelf ſo very Ancient, that no Body alive can read it, or tell what Language it is.

Cheat. But yourſelf.

Sir *God.* Nor I neither: but what of that, 'tis ſo much the more Curious; but his Lordſhip's a Trifler; you perceiv'd with what Pride he went off, with a few ruſty old Medals.

Cheat. A weak Man! a weak Man!

Sir *Godf.* In Things of that Nature will he lay out immenſe Sums; and yet ſuch is the Depravity of his Taſte, that he has not ſo much as a *Mummy*, nay, I queſtion whether he has ſo much as a *Crocodile*, or preſerv'd *Scorpion* in his Cabinet.

Cheat. Our Climate, indeed, is penuriouſly ſtor'd with Curioſities.

Sir *Godf.* Alas! we've nothing Curious at Home, no, no, no; all our things are common; our Pebbles are pick'd up in Roads and Highways; our Inſects fly about the Fields.

Cheat. [*Laughs aſide.*] In *Italy*, Sir, I ſuppoſe it's otherwiſe?

Sir *Godf.* Aye, quite otherwiſe. Ah Lard, Sir, about *Naples* there's wonderful Variety. I ſpent Eight Years there in the Study of the Butterfly only. I have purſued a curious Butterfly for five Hours together; and at Sun-ſet have often found my ſelf ten Miles from home. I ſeldom walk'd abroad that I had not the good Fortune to fill my Pockets with Shells and curious Pebble-ſtones.

Cheat.

Cheat. Thoſe, I preſume, you pick'd up in the Highways?

Sir *Godf.* Undoubtedly: Where ſhou'd I pick them up but in High-ways? —— *Italy* abounds with them. Beſides, I amaſſed immenſe Treaſure; my dry'd Plants, Flowers, Moſſes, and Aquatick Vegetables are contain'd in One Hundred and Ninety Five large Folios; my Shells, Foſſils and Minerals are depoſited in Eighty Nine large and convenient Drawers; and I have of Flies, Butterflies, Graſhoppers, Catterpillers, Moſquittos, Moſquillos, Papillons, and other Inſects; One Hundred and Eighteen Caſes and Books.

Cheat. The Learn'd World is wonderfully indebted to your Induſtry. Then, if we conſider your Microſcopical Inveſtigations, and Philoſophical Experiments in animal Generation——

Sir *Godf.* Why, I think I may, without the Imputation of Vanity, pronounce that the World has Obligations to me. I have waſted near upon Forty Years in Chronical Experiments, to diſcover the Plaſtick and Equivocal Generation, of all kinds of Inſects and Animalculi. I have examin'd their Ovaria, Flexions, Extenſions, Coheſions, Tranſmutations, Tranſmigrations, Suſpenſions, and you know——

Cheat. I know, Sir, ——that long Train of curious Phænomena, ſuch as Sympathies, Antipathies, Cauſes remote and proximate, Effects natural and preternatural, and——

Sir *Godf.* Ay, ay, Mr: *Cheatly*, it's a noble Study, a noble Study——But, dear Sir, I muſt trouble you with the Key of my Cabinet; you will oblige me if you range theſe *Acceſſions* in proper Order. [*Gives a Key.*] No Man knows how to depoſite *Attainments* with ſo local an Elegance as your ſelf. [*Cheatly going.*] Good Sir be careful that thoſe clumſy Fellows miſplace nothing; the Bears will be for extending their Paws —— But you may ſuffer them to ſtare and gape; Admiration can do no Miſchief. [*Ex. Cheatly.*]

This

This *Cheatly*'s a Man of moſt exquiſite Taſte, —I am perfectly enamour'd of him; nay, he's good natur'd too, in ſpite of his Wit, and has a wonderful eſteem for my Merit. I but propos'd to give him my Daughter, and he lamented my having no Son; he even deſir'd I wou'd permit him to take my Name upon him. *Cheatly Trinket!* why, I vow, it has an agreeable Sound with it.

Enter Flavia, *croſſing the Stage in a Hurry.*

Sir *Godf.* Hy! hy! Miſtreſs, whither art thou taking thy Flight?

Flav. Sir, did you ſpeak to me?

Sir *Godf.* Yes, Madam; —whither is your fine Fancy twirling to?

Flav. My Fancy! Lard, Sir, I'm only going to Dinner; my Lady *Gawdy* extorted a Promiſe from me for this Day, a Month ago.

Sir *Godf.* A Month ago! You've an excellent Memory, Child.

Flav. The worſt in the World, Papa; but the Ladies are got into a very uſeful Method; we keep regular Books of our Viſits and Appointments.

Sir *Godf.* Debtor and Creditor, no doubt! Why truly th' Importance of the Buſineſs ſeems to require it; but perhaps her Ladyſhip's Books are not altogether ſo regular as yours; therefore you may miſs Payment to Day, and be pleaſed to Dine with me, Madam.

Flav. O, impoſſible, Sir. Shou'd I diſappoint her Ladyſhip this Dinner, I know not when I may be able to make amends; for I have ſuch a Roll without end, of Engagements, that it poſitively amazed me, when I look'd over the Liſt.

Sir *Godf.* And well it might truly! Why *Flavia*, thou art become a perfect Vagrant, and haſt forgot that thou haſt a Father, who is both fit and willing to govern thee.

Flav.

Flav. Lard, Sir!

Sir *Godf.* But then, ſince I cannot watch your Motions, I think it my Duty to provide one that will; one, Madam, who will acquaint you with better Engagements: Therefore I have reſolv'd, that within theſe two Days you ſhall be marry'd.

Flav. Marry'd!

Sir *Godf.* What! are you frighten'd?

Flav. Terribly, Sir.

Sir *Godf.* What! a rambling, Book-keeping Girl afraid of a Husband?

Flav. Lard, Sir——at my Age.

Sir *Godf.* Poor Innocent of Eighteen! Ha, ha, ha!

Flav. But, Sir——

Sir *Godf.* Nay, Child, don't fright thy ſelf. Mr. *Cheatly*, you know, is——

Flav. Cheatly, O Heavens!

Sir *Godf.* Aye! I'll go ſend him; and do ye hear? none of your Childiſh Fears. [*Going.*

Flav. [*Kneels.*] Dear Sir, if ever your Soul knew Pity, behold your unhappy Daughter at your Feet.

Sir *Godf.* Pſhaw, pſhaw, I'll hear no more, the thing's not ſo terrible as your Fears repreſent it; your Mother was juſt ſo miſtaken, when I marry'd her; Odſo, here's Mr. *Cheatly*: So! I'll leave you together. [*Enter* Cheatly.] To her, Mr. *Cheatly*, to her:——ſhe's young and ſhy; but that muſt not diſcourage you; to her I ſay, to her. [*Exit.*

Cheat. Madam, how compleat were my Happineſs cou'd I make my ſelf worthy the infinite Honour which your generous Father intends me;——a Lady of ſo much Beauty, adorn'd with ſo many ſhining Qualities——

Flav. And ſuch a convenient Parcel of Money, ha, ha, ha!——courteous, civil, Mr. *Cheatly*.

Cheat. Money, Madam, is the Food of Miſers; Droſs to a Lover, the Pride of whoſe Wiſhes is to be number'd amongſt your Slaves.

Flav. Humble,——modeſt,——Mr. *Cheatly*.

Cheat,

Cheat. My Humility, Madam, ſhall be boundleſs, — boundleſs as your Commands; for my Heart is ſo ſenſibly touch'd with your Charms —

Flav. Poor Mr. *Cheatly!* I'll ſwear, I pity you.

Cheat. Kind Lady, — am I then bleſs'd with your Compaſſion? O exſtatick Thought!

Flav. Lard, now, I'll take my Death I'm quite ſorry; — poor Gentleman! pray, Mr. *Cheatly*, what have you done to diſoblige Sir *Godfrey*?

Cheat. Done, Madam!

Flav. I ſay, how come Sir *Godfrey* thus incenſed againſt you?

Cheat. Incenſed, Madam! —

Flav. Ay, incens'd: — it's a Scheme, a Plot.

Cheat. Plot, Madam!

Flav. Yes, Sir, — a Plot to have your Throat cut; Lard! and don't you perceive it yet? Poor Gentleman — but I wont ſuffer it; I'm reſolv'd.

Cheat. Madam, you aſtoniſh me; zooks, I fear I'm diſcover'd. [*Aſide.*

Flav. But you ſhan't be impoſed upon; your good Nature ſhan't prove your Ruin, I am determined.

Cheat. Madam, you're obliging to a Miracle.

Flav. O! not at all; for look ye, don't you know, that ſhou'd this whimſical Match come to be publick, you wou'd have all the Pretty Fellows in Town up in Arms, Sir?

Cheat. Pooh, Madam, Pretty Fellows; I value them not; Pretty Fellows —

Flav. Nay, Sir, the Beaux are moſt arbitrary, ungovernable things, and wou'd pronounce it an Invaſion of their Rights, ſhou'd ſuch a ſtrange aukward Creature as you are——

Cheat. Madam! ——

Flav. An Aſſociate of Exotick Monſters,

Cheat. Madam! ——

Flav. An *Egyptian* Crocodile, ingender'd in the *Nile*.

Cheat.

Cheat. Madam!

Flav. Brought over to encumber my Father's Cabinet.

Cheat. Madam!

Flav. Concealing thy Ignorance in Flattery.

Cheat. Madam, this is ——

Flav. And conſidering thy Impudence, as thy Inheritance.

Cheat. Nay, then, Madam, you are ——

Flav. O, no matter what I am. Go, this inſtant, I ſay [*puſhes him.*] fly, vaniſh, and make your peace with Sir *Godfrey.*

Cheat. Intolerable. —

Flav. Go, prevail with him by all means, to ſuppreſs the Rumour, or you're undone; fly! begone! vaniſh! and let me never ſee your Face more.

[*Puſhes him off the Stage.*

Enter Araminta.

Flav. Ha, ha, ha! Dear *Araminta*, you're welcome; you come in a moſt critical Inſtant, ha, ha, ha! do me reaſon, dear Creature, ha, ha, ha! pr'ythee, why don't you laugh. I ſhall certainly burſt, if you don't help me out of this inordinate Fit, ha, ha, ha!

Aram. Really, my Dear, I'm not ſo ridiculous, as to laugh where I pity.

Flav. Faugh! the unſociable Girl! well my Dear, ha, ha, ha! I am to be Wedded, and Bedded to-morrow.

Aram. Marry'd! and to-morrow! — pr'ythee, who is the happy Man?

Flav. Why my Dear, he — the very Man I laugh'd at.

Aram. Pſhaw! now you've made a Jeſt of it indeed, — laugh at the Man you marry!

Flav. O, aye, to chuſe, my Dear; — it may break the Beaſt's Heart, and mend my Complexion.

Aram.

Aram. I'll ſwear, *Flavia*, you're quite ſpoil'd; tell me, who is this happy Man? How Impatience tortures me! I fear it's *Conſtant*. [*Aſide.*

Flav. The Man, my Dear!—my Father's Fly-catcher, —his *Brother-Virtuoſo*.

Aram. Cheatly! you amaze me; but what do you reſolve in this Caſe.

Flav. To rebel.

Aram. A conciſe Remedy, truly!

Flav. O, my Dear, I've a Spirit —

Aram. Which under the Conduct of ſuch a Leader, as Lord *Conſtant*—

Flav. Never, never, he's too cool a General; and his Diſcipline too ſevere; I ſhou'd never ſubmit to it.

Aram. I've known you entertain a more favourable Opinion of him.

Flav. That was before I had made a Campaign; beſides, —His is the old *Roman* Diſcipline, and if one ſhou'd chance to be a little Modern or ſo; —wou'd it not vex one to be twitted with the *Lucretia's*, the *Penelope's*, and all the meek Fools of Antiquity?

Aram. But is not Virtue the ſame now it was then?

Flav. It may be ſo; but what Modern Virtue is equal to a ten Years Siege; don't even the Men, my Dear, allow, they are not ſo brave as in thoſe Days? and what can they expect from poor Women? For my part, I own, I ſhou'd never find Spirits to hold out ſo tedious an Attack; and then—as for Daggers; Oh! I poſitively ſhou'd faint at the very Sight of one, ha, ha, ha! My Dear, my Dear, ever while you live, a Modern General, for a Modern Soldier.

Aram. But a weak General, my Dear, will be apt to puniſh Faults indiſcriminately; whereas a Commander of Senſe can make proper Allowances.

Flav. Romance, my Dear, downright Female Quixotiſm, I'll take my Death—Senſe and proper Allowances!

lowances! Ha, ha, ha! Why, my Dear, is he not by far the fitteſt Man, who can ſee no Faults to make Allowances for? Lord! one's trivial Faults any one may pardon; but if one ſhou'd unluckily ſtumble, Couſin, and ſo commit a huge Fault indeed; Oh then, give me the Man who ſhall be ſorry, and beg my Pardon.

Aram. How, Couſin; beg your Pardon for a Fault of your own committing?

Flav. O, ay, the Man who can conſtrue my Rage for a Mark of my Innocence, and be aſham'd of his Guilt for having wrongfully accuſed me.

Aram. So, then, you'd have a Fool.

Flav. Moſt undoubtedly.

Aram. But, Lord *Conſtant*'s nice Senſe of Honour wou'd find it a difficulty to indulge ſuch groſs Errors.

Flav. Ay, my Dear; — his Lordſhip's nice Senſe of Honour will do Wonders, when his Approbation of a Woman's Conduct comes to be conſider'd as ſufficient amends for her refuſing her ſelf every Pleaſure of Life. Wou'd not you, my Dear, forſwear the Circle to humour ſuch a Commander of Senſe, as Lord *Conſtant*?

Aram. Undoubtedly, were he my Lover.

Flav. And, you'd renounce Plays, Opera's, Maſquerades, Cards ——

Aram. All, all, and a thouſand ſuch Trifles, when oppoſed to the Friendſhip of a Man, worth engaging.

Flav. Nay, then you ſhall have him; yet, poor Soul he loves me, and can't help it; but I'll ſee if I can perſuade him, I've no Charms, ha, ha, ha, I'll tell him, I am grown ugly; what think you, Couſin? The poor Man, you know, is apt to believe me; — and — ſhall I put in a good Word for you? Yes, I think, I muſt — you love a Commander of Senſe, Couſin, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Aram. Vain Girl! put in a good Word for me! No, violent as my Paſſion is, I wou'd ſhun him on thoſe Terms; but what means ſhe by this Sally? Has

ſhe

ſhe diſcovered my Weakneſs? Even if ſhe had, her Triumph is inſolent. Alas! I behold the Man I love, in purſuit of his Miſery, and afflict my ſelf for his Sufferings, as if my own were not ſharp enough.

Thus in the Storm, compaſſionate, we view
A ſinking Veſſel, and are Shipwreck'd too.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs.* Freelove's *Houſe.*

Enter Freelove *and* Lucy.

Free. GO on, *Lucy*, you may adviſe, tho' it be by Inſtinct; I'll hear you.

Lucy. Be it Inſtinct, or Reaſon, Madam, I cannot help repeating my Advice to you, not to ſee Mr. *Cheatly* this Morning: Sir *Harry*, you hear, is in Town, and may call at an unlucky Moment.

Free. I muſt not, will not be deny'd to Mr. *Cheatly*; I really don't find I've power to withſtand the Temptation of his honourable Paſſion, ſupported with ſo fine an Eſtate.

Lucy. And will you then marry him, Madam? I'll ſwear I can't be eaſy, to think of your giving up, a fine Gentleman, a polite, generous, fond, indulgent —

Free. Hold, *Lucy!* don't mention thoſe things; they give me Uneaſineſs.

Lucy. Does it then offend you, Madam, to hear Sir *Harry* mention'd? — and yet, cou'd you quit him?

Free. How can you ask me, *Lucy?* Who have been Witneſs of my Conduct? has not my Lord *Modely* convinc'd you of my Levity?

Lucy. Alack-a-day, Madam; a Gallant, now and then, comes but in the place of Pin-money.

Free. I deteſt the Thought, and abhor my ſelf for betraying a Man, who has all the good Qualities, that ſhou'd indear him to Woman; but he muſt blame himſelf, *Lucy*, not me.

Lucy. Blame himſelf, Madam!

Free. For the unwearied Pains he took, to accompliſh my Ruin.

Lucy. You did not, then, think ſo hardly of him.

Free. No, for he was arm'd with all the Arts of prevailing Inſinuation; aſſiſted by my Youth, my Love of him, of Liberty, and of Trifles — weak Man! to fancy, when he had ſapp'd the Foundation, that Paſſions wou'd not deal by us, even as by Men who act without Principle; believe me, *Lucy*, when once we are put out of the true Path —— every Step miſguides us.

Lucy. But, Madam, Sir *Harry* loves you, dotes on you.

Free. Then he ſhou'd have married, not diſhonoured me — His good Qualities, had he been my Husband, might have ſupported me againſt the Frailty of my Sex; but Love and Pleaſure are different things, when no Duty unites them: And the Wonder is not, that I have been falſe; had I been otherwiſe, I muſt have acted out of Character, and have been virtuous without a Motive.

Lucy. Nay, Madam, I am unable to diſpute your Reaſons; but how do you propoſe to behave to him hereafter?

Free. It's baſe, I own, to diſſemble; but Art is become both familiar and neceſſary.

Enter

Enter Sir Harry.

Free. Sir *Harry!* Dear, unkind, Sir *Harry.*

[*Runs and kiſſes him, he ſuffers it coolly.*

Sir *Har.* [*aſide.*] True Devil, excellent Diſſembler!

Free. So cold! Nay then, I fancy I'm alter'd; Lard, ſure I am diſagreeable, ugly; but perhaps it is not my Fault, ſome newer Paſſion has warm'd your Heart; or Abſence, which to Love is ——

Sir *Har.* As Intereſt to Friendſhip; or Truth to Woman; contrary as jarring Elements.

Free. Sir *Harry*, this won't hide your Inconſtancy — I find I've outliv'd your Love, and you wou'd impute to me the Fickleneſs of your own Heart.

Sir *Har.* The Reproach, Madam, is of a piece with your Conduct, and I expected it; Guilt is ever before-hand with Innocence.

Free. Nay, then, I fear, he's ſerious — [*Aſide.*] — Somebody has bely'd me to you, Sir *Harry.*

Sir *Har.* You, Madam, have bely'd your ſelf to me; you've made my Credulity an Inſtrument to impoſe upon my Underſtanding.

Free. Pray, Sir *Harry*, how have I impoſed upon your Underſtanding?

Sir *Har.* S'death, Madam, have you not been a Female Apoſtle in preaching up the Generoſity of an unconfin'd Paſſion; and now like a true Impoſtor, you make Advantage of the Impoſition?

Free. Sir *Harry*, you wrong me; pray, give one Inſtance wherein I have deſerv'd this Severity.

Sir *Har.* Nay, Madam, this ſurpaſſes my Fears; that confirm'd Air of affected Ignorance, I own, ſtuns me; no, Madam, tho' your Thoughts might have ſtray'd, I cou'd never imagine you thus deliberately falſe, or that you cou'd have taken Pleaſure in deceiving a Man, who lov'd you ſo much, that he dares not without Bluſhing confeſs or remember it; hence

forward you'll practiſe your Arts upon leſs credulous Men —— farewel. [*Going.*

Free. Sir *Harry!* —— [*Burſts into Tears.*

Sir *Har.* [*returns.*] How, Madam! Have you not abuſed me enough already? But ——

Free. O, Sir *Harry*, ſpare your cruel Words, and tell me wherein I've offended you?

Sir *Har.* A plague of her Tears! yet they ſhall not amuſe me, tho' I cou'd wiſh to find her innocent; or at leaſt, that ſhe may have Art enough to make me think her ſo; — but whither is my Fondneſs carrying me. — [*Aſide.*] — Madam, your Gallantries to *Cheatly* will inform you. —

Free. Cheatly! the Wretch! I'd have you to know, Sir *Harry*, I deſpiſe the Fellow, no leſs than I do the Author of your Suſpicions.

Sir *Har.* Yet, you have appeared publickly at the Play with him.

Free. I own it — in Company with ſome Ladies of your Acquaintance and mine, whom he viſits — This, I find, is Lord *Conſtant's* doing —

Sir *Har.* And have you not paſs'd for a Widow upon him?

Free. Nay, this, Sir *Harry*, is ſtill more ungenerous — Have I not for your Sake been oblig'd to drop all my own Relations and beſt Acquaintance? You know why they ought not to ſee me: — And wou'd you have me wear the ſame forbidding Character wherever I go? If I have paſs'd for a Widow, it was with no view of wronging you; it was but a Screen to my Fault, which I perſiſt in even to my utter Diſquiet — I own I wou'd be nothing but what I am, yet I wou'd appear what I am not.

Sir *Har.* Nay, then you have been wrong'd. —— And —— [*Goes to embrace her.*

Free. No, Sir *Harry*, — you are rid of your Suſpicions; but I remain unſatisfied, as to the Injuſtice you have done me.

Sir

Sir *Har.* 'Twas the Effect of my Love.

Free. Your Love!—no, you never lov'd me; if you had, you wou'd not have liſten'd to Lord *Conſtant*'s ill-grounded Aſperſions; don't you know that he hates me, and wou'd do any thing to my Prejudice?—But I have lov'd you too well, Sir *Harry*, you know I have, ungenerous Man! To repay with Jealouſy, the Honour which I ſacrificed to you—Oh! that Heaven had blaſted me the Day I firſt ſaw you.

Sir *Har.* Pray be calm, and forget it.

Free. Forget it, no!—let me ever remember my Miſery—let my Ruin like a Ghoſt haunt my Mind, and fright me into ſome Servitude, where I may ſuffer for my Weakneſs, and repent that I ever lov'd you. [*Weeps.*

Sir *Har.* S'death! What a fine piece of Work have I made of it! [*Aſide.*] My Dear, I conjure you!

Free. Oh! that I were as falſe as your Suſpicions, or had a Heart but as cold as your Indifference!—

Sir *Har.* [*Takes her in his Arms.*] I confeſs, I have injur'd thee——

Free. Then I might bear your Reproaches; but to my Confuſion I love you ſtill.

Sir *Har.* And can you forgive me?

Free. I wiſh I cou'd not;—but will it be never thus again, Sir *Harry*;—will you never henceforwards call my Love thus in Queſtion?

Sir *Har.* Never, never ſhall it be in the Power of Man, to give my Soul the leaſt Diſturbance.——— [*Kiſſes her.*

Enter Lord Conſtant.

L. *Conſt.* Oh brave Knight! You devour Love with the Rapture of a Sailor after an *Eaſt-India* Voyage.

Sir *Har.* Faith, my Lord, I follow the old Maxim, make Hay, while the Sun ſhines;—you know there's no borrowing Time, for Old Age is as preciſe in his viſit to us as a Money-Scrivener; but won't, like him,

be brib'd into Forbearance,—we muſt at length refund the Debt—an anxious Thought, my Lord, to part with our Youth.

L. *Conſt.* It is ſo, *Harry!* but hark you——how came this Reconciliation? [*They ſtep aſide.*

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. O! Madam, Madam, Mr. *Cheatly*'s in the Parlour—what ſhall I do with him?

Free. Ah! my Heart! we ſhall be ruin'd, ſhould Sir *Harry* diſcover him.—— I have a Thought.——Go, tell him I've Company, and let him not appear till they are gone.

Lucy. I will, Madam.

Free. But be ſure you ſay not a Word more, till further inſtructed.

Enter Lord Modely.

What! freſh Trouble? How got this Abſurdity entrance?

L. *Mode.* Hy! my little Heſperid! Igad here's thy *Hercules*, I ſaw thy Door open, the Dragon's a rambling, and we may pluck a Golden-Pipin in ſafety. [*She turns from him as if ſurpriſed.*] Hy, hy, What in the Name of Cupid and his Arrows have we here? Why, is not the Knight upon the Ramble? [*He draws near, ſhe draws off.*] Plague what doſt frown ſo for? Thou haſt not forgot me already? Doſt not know thine own *Modely?* He! *Nancy*, [*She looks as if ſhe did not know him*] Planet-ſtruck by the World! Poor *Nancy Freelove*'s ſtark ſtaring Mad. Alas! [*He turns and ſees Sir* Harry.] Hum! I gueſs'd well,—— She was Planet-ſtruck with a Vengeance.——Aye, there's *Saturn*, I wiſh I mayn't feel ſome of his Influence too. Now, pax, am I rarely trapp'd, and how to get off, rat my gallantry, if I can tell——but, hem! Sir *Harry*, your Servant.

Sir *Har.* Yours, my Lord.

L. *Mode.*

L. *Mode.* Now, Knight, art thou puzzling thy Brain to gueſs what has brought me hither.

Sir *Har.* You miſtake, my Lord; I am at no Loſs at all.

L. *Mode.* Nay, but you are, I'll maintain it; for I am ſure you can't tell.

Sir *Har.* I don't care to tell I confeſs, nor ſhould you like to hear it.

L. *Mode.* Pſhaw! Well, but what is it? I gad you muſt ſpeak, for I long to know moſt impatiently.

Sir *Har.* If I muſt ſpeak, then I'll tell you; ——— Your Impudence.

L. *Mode.* Pooh: that's a Jeſt.

Sir *Har.* It has been one a long time, my Lord, all the Town over.

L. *Mode.* What has been?

Sir *Har.* Your Impudence: by which you're as well known as by your Title.

L. *Mode.* Pſhah, Man, I don't mean that, — well, I knew you were jealous; you imagine I have been ſent for; — but upon the Word of ——a——a——

Sir *Har.* Nay, good my Lord, I believe you.

L. *Mode.* What, before I have told you?

Sir *Har.* Yes; that you came unſent for.

L. *Mode.* Aye, aye, there you have it. Eaſy Cuckold. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Har.* Nay, and well I may, we all know what kind of Ladies ſend for your Lordſhip.

L. *Mode.* Spare me, dear *Harry*, thou know'ſt I am apt to bluſh.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha!

L. *Mode.* Nay, faith it's true: Yet I can't help ſaying thus much, tho' without Vanity I ſpeak it, I am heartily weary of your Women o' Quality; there's ſo much Ceremony, and idle Formality impoſed on one, that one's Appetite is half over, before one can fall to; but when once we have taſted of the Diſh,

one had as good be hang'd as touch of any thing elſe: Now I'gad, I hate that.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! your Lordſhip ſeems to have ſuffer'd by thoſe Ladies of Quality.

L. *Mode.* Aye, dear *Harry*; and to be plain with thee, I hate to be tied down to a Conſtancy; there are ſuch Reproaches, if one ſhould but once happen not in the Humour—O perfidious Man! falſe Man! deceitful, charming, bewitching Man! and the like Stuff. Pox, do they think a Man can hold out like a Mill-horſe? Now, give me plain Meat, and Freedom; I'gad I want a *Relache* from thoſe high-ſeaſon'd Diſhes.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! high ſeaſon'd Women o' Quality; Rat him! my Lord, [*To Lord* Conſtant.] do you hear him?

L. *Conſt.* Aye, aye, Women o' rare Quality; *Jenny Dapper*, and *Sally Pert*, theſe are your Ladies of Quality, my Lord.

L. *Mode.* Pſhaw.

L. *Conſt.* Nay, my Lord, you know we know you; you wou'd paſs for an Irreſiſtible, but let not your Vanity betray you into the Hopes of giving Jealouſy here, whatever you may do among Strangers. You can give no one Inſtance of the leaſt Favour granted you here, I am ſure.

L. *Mode.* You're ſure? —— Aye, aye, you're ſure: But pr'ythee why are you ſure, my Lord?

L. *Conſt.* From my Knowledge of you and the Lady. She's a Perſon of Taſte, my Lord, and can diſtinguiſh a Man from a Beau.

L. *Mode.* A Man from a Beau!

L. *Conſt.* Beſides, if you had any thing to tell, your Vanity wou'd have diſcover'd it ere now, I am confident.

L. *Mode.* I'gad this is a ſtrange Fellow, and wou'd provoke a Confeſſor to tell. [*Aſide.*] Why now, *Conſtant*, notwithſtanding thy Confidence I cou'd convince

ince thee.——But, no, no, pax, I lye, I cou'd not onvince thee—Lard! no, not I; I never receiv'd the eaſt Mark of the Lady's Favour, not even ſo much s a Pineh of Snuff, or a Smile——Pax, I'd like to ave undone all. [*Aſide.*

L. *Conſt.* So, ſo; your affected Secrecy wou'd inimate, you have it in your Power to ſay ſomething—ut that ſhall not paſs upon us. Fy, fy, my Lord, t's ſcandalous to affect a Familiarity where you are ble to give no Proof.

L. *Mode.* No Proof! Fleſh and Blood can hold no onger! No Proof! Madam, Madam, will you be leaſed——

Free. What wou'd the Fool have?

L. *Mode.* To teſtify to theſe incredulous Men, theſe nfidels.

Free. Sir *Harry*, I deſire you will put a Stop to his Inſolence; I never ſaw the impudent Fellow in ll my Life before.

L. *Mode.* Hoity, toity! I never ſaw the impudent Fellow [*in her Tone.*] Ha, ha, ha! Now ſtrike me ſpeechleſs, this is Impudence Superlative—And to prove it eyond all manner of Diſpute, I'll have all—— [*She Frowns and Winks at him.*] No, no, Madam, no Winking and Frowning—my Honour's at Stake, and all muſt out.

Free. O the barbarous Monſter! I Wink or Frown t him! He's an abſolute Stranger to me, and I dare ay is ſo to all my Servants—Here *Lucy*—[*Enter Lucy*] come hither—Haſt thou ever ſeen this Man, his vile Aſperſer before? Speak—Doſt thou know im?

Lucy. Seriouſly, Madam, I can't ſay but I have ſeen im.

L. *Mode.* Aye, aye; why there's a Girl now, that ſpeaks Truth.

Free. Seen him? Where—When—With whom!

Lucy.

Lucy. Pray, Madam, don't put your ſelf in a Paſſion; it is my Lord *Modely*. This, tho' you don't know him, was he that ſent the Letter which you burn'd. I'm ſure I've cauſe to remember it; for it put your Blood in a violent Ferment —— You huff'd, and flew about, and ſaid you wonder'd at any Man's Aſſurance, to write Letters, and mention Perſons and Places, and I know not what, to one who had never ſo much as ſeen him.

L. *Mode*. Hy! here, the Devil has ſprung a freſh Mine.

Lucy. Nay, I am ſure I've reaſon to remember your Honour: For as your Coach drove by our Door one Evening, you ſtopp'd and beckon'd to me—— Don't you remember, my Lord?

L. *Mode*. What ſhall I ſay to this confident Wench? [*Aſide*.] Aye, aye, I remember it perfectly well; I was aſleep, was not I, Wench?

Lucy. I don't know that, my Lord; —— but you ſeem'd to ſpeak very ſeriouſly for one in a Dream.

L. *Mode*. Gentlemen! this Evidence is ſuſpicious. You hear ſhe ſays I ſpoke ſeriouſly.

L. *Conſt*. For one in a Dream, my Lord —— you muſt take the whole of the Evidence with you.

Lucy. Child, ſaid your Lordſhip, you live with that coy Lady Mrs. *Freelove*, ſo hard to be come at.

L. *Mode*. Nay, now Gentlemen, if this does not carry Suſpicion in its very Face.

L. *Conſt*. How ſo, my Lord?

L. *Mode*. Becauſe I never once conceiv'd ſo miſtaken an Opinion of any Woman in all my Life, rat me!

L. *Conſt*. The Ladies are infinitely oblig'd to you.

Lucy. Then, Sweetheart, ſaid your Lordſhip, [*Curteſies*.] tipping me a Piece of Gold, I ſhall ſend one of my Footmen with a Letter.

L. *Conſt*. Nay, here, my Lord, are the Marks, I'm ſure. It's well known you pay for Lady's Favours, and

and like an able Statesman are for ascribing the Power of Gold, to the Merit of your Person, and Understanding. But you have not been liberal enough here.

L. *Mode.* Pox, my Lord, you've undone me; you've brought things to that Extremity, that it will cost me more to patch up a Peace——

L. *Const.* Than it did to purchase the Garrison, Ha, ha, ha!

Free. I can hardly blame you, Sir *Harry*, should this Accident add new Doubts to your Jealousy. —I must retire, and trust my Innocence to your single Generosity; for I am sure my Lord *Constant* will turn all this to my Prejudice; but I am not defenceless who have an Advocate in your Love. [*Exit.*

Sir *Har.* Poor *Nancy!* My Lord—— [*To* Modely.] This wanton Latitude you give your Pleasures, may throw you among Men, not so easy as I've been; nor may I be always in Temper.

L. *Mode.* Dear *Harry*, your Pardon. I have ever been a Pirate in Love, a downright Corsair i'gad.—I have declar'd War against all Husbands and Lovers; so let them look to themselves, I say.——

Sir *Har.* So generous a Caution, calls upon me for a Return; therefore, this short Piece of Advice—— Let me never hear of you at this House again; nay, you must not look at it; none of your Piracies here, except you mean to share the Fate of Pirates, and be Gibbetted —— There's Warning for your Warning.

L. *Mode.* Come, come, my Dear let this pass; It's but what we are all liable to; [*Looks at his Watch.*] Pax! it's almost the Hour! My Dears, your Servant. I've a trifling Engagement on my Hands; and Lady *Giggle* is the most impatient Creature —— [*Going.*

Sir *Har.* Oh! pray, to your Appointment, my Lord.

L. *Mode.* Only a Party at Picket—a Solitary *tête a tête* only, for half an Hour, ha, ha, ha! — My Lord, your

your Servant; I ſuppoſe we ſhall meet at *Flavia*'s in the Afternoon. [*Exit.*

Sir *Har.* Incomparable Aſs! This it is, my Lord, to be a Fool by Authority; one who wears his Title as a *Paſſepartoute*, to puſh into all Companies, and perplex them with Impertinence. Why now I inſiſt upon it, that by the ſtrict Rules of Juſtice and Reaſon, that Fellow ſhould have been born for a Footman, and ſhamed ſome Fool-maſter from Foppery.

L. *Conſt.* Yet he has ſerv'd to convince you, that your free State of Love is Republican.

Sir *Har.* Look you, my Lord! She's not my Wife, nor do I intend ſhe ever ſhall—yet while I love her, I am in Poſſeſſion of Happineſs—it has always been my Maxim, in Affairs that did not affect my Honour, to indulge no impertinent Curioſity, when it tended to diſturb my Quiet.

L. *Conſt.* Your Quiet!—it's a Shame to ſubmit Judgment to Weakneſs.

Sir *Har.* I own it—and am therefore at a Loſs, how *Flavia* can with ſo much Eaſe manage a Man whom I find ſo intelligent—'Slife my Lord, have I not ſeen you ſhift your Temper within the Space of one ſhort Hour, to all the varying Degrees of her Fancy? Have I not heard you, if ſhe but ſmiled on *Modely*, or asked him for a Pinch of Snuff——

L. *Conſt.* Dear *Harry*.

Sir *Har.* Thank Heaven that had open'd your Eyes.

L. *Conſt.* Nay, pr'ythee ſpare me!

Sir *Har.* Accuſe your own Weakneſs, reproach her Inconſtancy, and ſwear to ſee her bewitching Face no more.

L. *Conſt.* I have been a Puppy, I own it.

Sir *Har.* It's a Shame, my Lord, to ſubmit Judgment to Weakneſs, ha, ha, ha!

L. *Conſt.* Well then, thou ſhou'dſt pity me.

Sir *Har.*

Sir *Har.* So I do from my Soul—and you ſhould learn in your turn the ſame Compaſſion for your Friends.

L. *Conſt.* Be it ſo—upon condition that you go and propoſe this Moment my Affair to Sir *Godfrey.*

Sir *Har.* Firſt ſpare me a Moment for poor *Nancy*—methinks I ſhou'd adminiſter a little Comfort.

L. *Conſt.* Plague, Man, leave her to the Call of Repentance—'twill do her good—come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cheatly, *and* Tom.

Tom. Faith Sir, I thought as much—I told you Mrs. *Flavia* wou'd never conſent.

Cheat. A Love-Famine conſume the proud, imperious Slut.

Tom. Aye, Sir, in the Name of Fortune, e'en ſtrike up with the Widow,—you ſay ſhe bites eagerly; but ſhe too is a Woman; and a Woman's Mind, you know, Sir, is not like a trading Wind, therefore ben't over nice,—you know the old Proverb.

Cheat. A-pox o' your Proverbs—go, carry the Picture I bought at the Pawn-brokers, and leave it at Signior *Bagatelly*'s—And, do ye hear, *Tom*—bid him be in the way an Hour hence, for he muſt aſſiſt at Sir *Godfrey*'s in the Sale of that Picture, and ſome other ſuch Curioſities [*Exit* Tom.] Well!—ſince I muſt not have the Knight's Daughter, I'll be content with ſome more of his Money——his Folly is fruitful.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Dear Sir, my Lady hopes you will excuſe your waiting ſo long—we've had ſuch an Affair upon our Hands this Morning—that young Rake, Sir *Harry Gaylove* and his Companion—

Cheat. Sir *Harry Gaylove!* Does he know your Lady?

Lucy. Lard Sir, he has been her humble Servant a long while, only ſhe cou'd never endure him——

for

for you muſt know, the very Name, Sir, of Libertine, is enough to terrify my poor Lady out of her Wits—Lard! And ſo Sir, finding his Love unſucceſsful, he threaten'd to commit a Rape upon her Perſon,—to take her away by main force, Sir.

Cheat. A Rape? you amaze me! what Expedient to prevent the Impatience of this mad young Fellow's Paſſion?

Lucy. The plain, eaſy, nay the only Expedient, Sir—preſs her vigorouſly, make ſure of ſo lucky a Moment, and I dare ſay, you may be happy to Night—go, and try, Sir—but remember her Modeſty; her Baſhfulneſs, I am ſure, does not mark her for a Widow—therefore be brisk, and ſave my poor Lady's Bluſhes.

Cheat. Dear *Lucy*, how ſhall I reward thy——

Lucy. O! don't waſte Opportunity—away, away, Sir [*Puſhes him out.*] ha, ha! the honeſt credulous Man—his upright Heart ne'er once conceiv'd Suſpicion——

So, Fools are caught, who wou'd avoid the Shame,
At Cards, or Love, of playing all the Game.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* Godfrey's *Houſe.*

Enter Cheatly *with Signior* Bagatelli; Tom *following with a large Picture.*

Bagat. UPON my Vard, Mr. *Cheatly*, me never did ſell ſo bad a Picture as dis be—and me don't care to meddle vid it at all.

Cheat.

Cheat. How, Signor! have I not known you put a wretched Piece of your own dawbing for a *Carlo Moratt*, upon my Lord *Vainlove*, for fifty Guineas? and do you ſcruple to ask a hundred for one fifty times as good? I find you don't love to ſhare Spoil; but there are thoſe will jump at the Opportunity— Here, *Tom*, take home that Picture——

Bagat. Ne vous fachez pas, mon cher Monſieur: Tam, ſet a down de Picture vance more— You ſud not be angry, Mr. *Cheatly*, if me be de littel cautious,— me did not vel know if Sir *Godfrey* might not have a de Skil in deſe tings.

Cheat. O, truſt me with his Skill; a Sign-poſt in the Hands of an *Italian* has the Marks of a *Raphael*, or a *Titian*— but hold— here a' comes.

Enter Sir Godfrey.

Sir *Godf.* Ah! Mr. *Cheatly!* I'm undone— I poſitively am the moſt unfortunate Man living.

Cheat. Heaven forbid, Sir— What—

Sir *Godf.* Oh Sir, two ſuch unhappy Accidents!

Cheat. Good Sir, Alas!

Sir *Godf.* Ah, Sir! I am half diſtracted, 'twou'd make any other but my ſelf quite mad.

Cheat. Your Daughter's not dead, I hope!

Sir *Godf.* No, no, no.

Cheat. Your Goldſmith, perhaps, broke?

Sir *Godf.* No, no.

Cheat. Some unforeſeen Law-ſuit of Conſequence?

Sir *Godf.* Pſhaw! Trifles all! mere Trifles.

Cheat. Alas, Sir! What then can have happen'd?

Sir *Godf. (in a melancholy Tone)* My *Indian* Lizard's dead! Died juſt now— Dead! dead! dead!

Cheat. Unfortunate Accident!

Sir *Godf.* Aye, [*ſighs*] And my *Italian* Spider— my tame Tarantula.

Cheat. Your Tarantula! I dread to hear any more— methought it look'd languid this Morning.

Sir *Godf.*

Sir *Godf.* You ſay true— poor TARANTI did look languid— I therefore ſet it in the Sun to give it freſh Vigour; and that Villain, that Enemy to all Literature, the Monkey, has devour'd— eat it——

Cheat. What can be done?

Sir *Godf.* Nothing!— I am quite diſconſolate— my Heart's broke— they make ſuch a melancholy Void in my Cabinet— I ſhall never bear to look at it— no, no, I ſhall never bear to look at it——

Cheat. Sir, be not too anxious— if others of the ſame kind will make you eaſy, I've an *Italian* Gentleman, here, who knows all the *Virtuoſi* in *Europe.*

Sir *Godf.* Ha! ſay you ſo! where is this Miracle? I muſt know him, Mr. *Cheatly*; pray bring me acquainted with him— we'll go find him this Inſtant—

Cheat. Sir, this is the Gentleman— you may poſſibly have heard of ſo celebrated a Name, as *Signor Giacomo, Beneditto, Marco, Aurelio, Bagatelli*—

Sir *Godf.* Signor, I honour your very Name, *Bagatelli*; and do rejoice to ſee the Face of ſo learned a Traveller.

Bagat. Sar, me reſtora youre Complemante, and kiſſa your Hande; me viſit all de raretée in de Varl— me holda de Correſpondance in de Eaſta, in de Veſta, in de Norta, in de Sude— and me lova de Man of bone Guſta——

Sir *Godf.* [*Shakes him by the Hand*] Good Signor *Bagatelli*, I honour you;—— But have you nothing that's rare and curious now; at preſent——

Bagat. Me have brought you, at de Deſeer of your Friend, a Pittura veech ſtanda, look daare dare— vid a Book of de rare Enſect, and Butter de Flys— ou Papillon. Sar, me ſhall ſhallange de Varl— but, behold dat *Tableau*, it be van of de firſt Maitres,— you be var good Judge, and vil know de Stile——

[Tom *expoſes the Picture,* Sir Godfrey *ſtands at a wrong Point of View.*]

Sir *Godf.*

Sir *Godf.* Hum!— I'll ſwear, a Maſter-piece, [*Aſide*] but Signor, I hope it is an Original; for you muſt know, all my Things are Originals, I am an Original my ſelf—— I would not have a Copy for the World.

Bagat. A Copee! *fee, fee, donc*; tink me deal in de Copees! But, Sar, vid your Leave, ſtanda dis vay, [*Moves Sir* Godfrey *to another Station.*] dis be de Point *de Vue*—— look you dare now! begar dat Pittura be *a Life*; it vanta no more dan to ſpeak, and you'd ſwear he vas *a Life.*

Sir *Godf.* Mr. *Cheatly*, he ſays true—— it ſeems to breathe—— whereabouts may the Price be, Signor.

Bagat. Sar, you be van Frand of my Frand here— ſo you ſal have it at quarter de Vallue— you ſal giva but von hondred Guinea— a mere noting at all, Sar——

Sir *Godf.* Very reaſonable, I proteſt— Signor, I make no Words with a Man of your Merit—— but you mentioned a Book of Inſects.

Bagat. Sar, here it be, here be de rareſt Collection of Butter de Flies de Papillon in de Varl;— here be de Flies of *Mexico*, here be de Flies of *Peru*, here be de Flies of *Japan*— in a Vard, Sar, here be an hondred Claſſes, and all des Claſs vid inſcribe of de Naam, and de Index.

Sir *Godf.* [*Viewing the Book.*] Inimitably fine, I proteſt, and what I extremely wanted—— But I fear, Mr. *Cheatly*, this will come to an exorbitant Sum; for I never ſaw any thing ſo rare in all my Days.

Cheat. Sir, the Gentleman has a Mind to oblige you, and your letting it be known where you met with theſe Rareties, will, he foreſees, be of Service—— I warrant my Lord *Triſle*, Sir *John Gugaw*, and Lady *Japan*, will buy up his Curioſities in a Day.

Sir *Godf.* I beg your Pardon, Sir— they ſhall not buy them up till I am ſupply'd for my Cabinet, which you know wants a great deal— Pray, good Signor, at what may you value this ample Collection of Animal Diverſity?

Bagat. It be invaluable; Sar, it be a littel *Treſor*, a littel *Bijou*—— Dis littel Book, Sar, be de handy Varke of de Great Mogul his faarſt beautiful Sultana— and dis *Claſs*,— dis here, [*Points to a Part of the Book*] vas collected in de Gardin of de Emperor in *China*, ſeex Mile round a de Vaal, Sar— and conſidering vat Hand it has coom tru; begar Sar, it be vart, it be vart— me von't ſay how mooch it be vart— but you ſall taak it for fifty Piece, Sar.

Sir *Godf.* Sir, your Kindneſs confounds me; and I thank you from my Heart, Sir— Who's there?—— [*Enter Servant.*] call the Steward. Sir, [*To* Bagatelli.] I ſcarce know how to expreſs my Acknowledgments of theſe Favours; but of all things, that Wall you mention'd, ſix Miles round; Ah! that I had ſuch a Wall; I'll encloſe every Acre of my Land; I'll build juſt ſuch a Wall round it, I am reſolv'd.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Sir *Harry Gaylove*, to wait of your Honour.

Sir *Godf.* Wait on him up— [*To* Bagat.] If you would call this Evening with any of your Friends, Sir, you ſhall ſee my Muſeum, and inform me further about this Wall— Mr. *Cheatly*, you'll do my Devoirs to the Signor [*Enter Steward.*] Mr. *Truſty* pay this good Gentleman a hundred and fifty Guineas—— Learned Seignor, I kiſs your Hands till the Evening.

Bagat. Me be ſure to remembra your Honour.

[*Exeunt* Bagat. *and* Cheat.

[*Sir* Godfrey *pulls out his Book, and views it.*]

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir *Godf.* Nephew! I am glad to ſee you. [*He juſt turns his Face towards Sir* Harry, *and then looks in his Book.*] The Flies of *Monomotapa*— the Flies of *Borneo*— the Flies of— *Sumatra.*

Sir *Har.* Uncle, I am come to ſpeak with you concerning an Affair of ſome Moment.

Sir *Godf.*

Sir *Godf.* Yes,— [*Juſt turns his Head, and looks at Sir* Harry, *then looks in his Book.*] Thoſe of *Aſtracan* are exceedingly beautiful——

Sir *Har.* You are not at Leiſure, Sir——

Sir *Godf.* Of *Biledulgerid*—— poſitively, the moſt beautiful Inſect, this, that ever my Eyes beheld—— look, *Harry*, [*Goes, and holds the Book to Sir* Harry.] is it not finely variegated?

Sir *Har*, Aye! it's pretty enough—— your Tenants, I ſuppoſe, pick'd them up in the Country—— they'll be a pretty Preſent for your little Godchild Miſs *Kitty*—— Girls are naturally very fond of gaudy Inſects. [*Sir* Godfrey *looks at him with Surprize, ſhuts his Book, and puts it in his Pocket.*

Sir *Godf.* Gaudy Inſects!— Miſs *Kitty!*— Girls fond of theſe things! Ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Har.* Your Pardon, Sir—— I confeſs I'm no Judge; they may amuſe old People too, for any thing I know.

Sir *Godf.* Why, Sir, they have been collected in the remoteſt Parts of the Eaſt, Sir—— and are an Honour to any Cabinet in *Europe.*

Sir *Har.* [*Aſide.*] This Man is quite mad— Pray, Sir, what have you got yonder?

[*Points to the Picture.*

Sir *Godf.* Yonder, Sir— Why, another Play-thing for Miſs *Kitty*, ha, ha, ha!—— I warrant this young Fellow underſtands Dreſs, Equipage and Horſe-racing—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *Har.* It was deſign'd for a Picture, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Godf.* I ſuppoſe it was, Sir, for it happens to be an Original— Do you know what an Original is, *Harry?*—— No, he knows nothing of the Matter. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Har.* That ſeems to be an Original without a Copy.

Sir *Godf.* Sir, that Original is the cheapeſt in my Collection; not that it coſt me leaſt, but I had it

under half Value: What may you judge that Piece coſt me?— Come, you'd pretend to a Taſte.

Sir *Har.* Let me ſee—— the Frame's worth about two Guineas; the Canvas, a Crown; and the Painting, two Shillings— You had it, you ſay, under half Value; ſo it poſſibly may have coſt you a Guinea.

Sir *Godf.* A Guinea!— Sir *Harry*, your Servant— You'll go and ſit with the Girls, you may find 'em in next Room—— there, you'll be better Company. [*Going.*

Sir *Har.* But Sir, I come upon Buſineſs——

Sir *Godf.* Pray excuſe me— Who's there? [*Enter Servant.*] take that Picture, and lead the way—— Surpriſing! and the Painting, two Shillings, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Sir *Har.* To what an Exceſs has this old Gentleman worked up his ridiculous Humour!—— But the Folly, I'm told, is become a Faſhion.

Enter Lord Conſtant.

L. *Conſt.* Well, Harry! how does the old Knight like me for a Son-in-law?

Sir *Har.* Alas, my Lord! Sir *Godfrey* is run mad— he had got in his Hands a Book full of Flies, or a Fly-Book—— or——

L. *Conſt.* A Collection of Inſects!

Sir *Har.* Aye, well,— a Collection of Inſects—— But as ill Succeſs attends your Love—— I did not underſtand Flies—— my Ignorance betray'd me into a Sort of Contempt of them, in ſome diſreſpectful Words, which ſounding like Blaſphemy in his Ears, he flew off in a Paſſion, and would not ſo much as ſtay to hear one Word of my Buſineſs.

L. *Conſt.* See! we're interrupted—— let's be gone.

Sir *Har.* My Lord *Modely!*—— No, no, Plague on him, he'll make us laugh.

Enter

Enter Lord Modely.

L. *Mode.* Ha! *Tête a Tête*, my Friends!—— Ha, ha, ha! An abſolute humdrum *Tête a Tête*, rat my Spirits——

Sir *Har.* You are merry, my Lord.

L. *Mode.* Pardon me, my Dears, Ha, ha, ha! It's what I can't help for the Soul of me—— Two young Fellows, hale and ſtrong at five and twenty, to meet in cool Conference, like two Druids, or old Eaſtern Philoſophers, as if the World did not abound with Variety of Pleaſure—— And what may be the weighty Queſtion in Debate? Whether *Homer*'s Beard was gray, or *Milton's* Eyes look'd glazy? Or, which had the cleaner Taſte of Gallantry, *Ovid* or *Rocheſter?* Plague! what are *Ovid*'s Pleaſures to me? Can his imaginary Deſcription of a Wench ſatisfy me, who have five buſy Senſes? Pox o' Books and Solitude, I wonder you are not eaten up with the Spleen both of you?

Sir *Har.* That's a Diſtemper, my Lord, you will never contract from thoſe Cauſes.

L. *Conſt.* No, I'll anſwer for it; his Lordſhip knows better things, he ne'er will be caught at dull Thinking—— no Man can tax him hitherto.

L. *Mode.* The World, I hope, acquits me in that Particular—— No, pax! I've too much Buſineſs upon my Hands,—— Wenches, Wine, Dancing, the Play, and the Opera! dear Deſert to all my Pleaſures—— *Le chere Farenelli!* [*Sings and dances about.*] *Si caro, caro ſi*———

L. *Conſt.* Plague on him, I almoſt envy him his want of Thought.

L. *Mode.* Pax! my Pipe's not in Tune to Day;—— this damn'd Foggy *Britiſh* Weather! *this Air groſſier de Londre*; I cou'd Shake t'other Day and Quiver ſo like *Farenelli*---- I'gad there was a Lady or two died in Rap-

tures. —— *Conſtant!* Thou know'ſt my Lady *Clarinet?*

L. *Conſt.* That affected Piece of Female Foppery?

L. *Mode.* Fy, fy, my Lord — you muſt not ſay Affected; my Lady *Clarinet*'s Ways are Natural, I dare anſwer, — her Ladyſhip was born in the Faſhion, and all the *jantie* Airs of the Sex are inbred in Lady *Clarinet!* — you muſt confeſs at leaſt, ſhe has Taſte, — the World, you know, allows her a Judge. ——

L. *Conſt.* So you ſay. ——

L. *Mode.* Well! I proteſt I was ſurprized when her Ladyſhip went one Day ſo far as to tell me — but then you may imagine her Paſſions were work'd up, for I had been juſt Singing a Favourite Air in the Pathetick.

Sir *Har.* In the Bathetick!

L. *Mode.* Aye! And at every Warble you might ſee her Ladyſhip expire — At laſt ſays ſhe — Well, my Lard — it's a Thouſand Pities you're a Man: I cou'd love you to Diſtraction! — Madam, ſays I, — your Ladyſhip does me Honour; but you wou'd not have me a Woman, I hope tho'? — *No, no ſays ſhe, not a Woman neither; but methinks, I wou'd not have you that rough Maſculine thing an* Engliſhman — *I'd have you — Lard! it makes me bluſh; but methinks I'd have you refin'd from the Exuberances of your Sex — O Gad! the Singing things are ſuch gentle Creatures, their Hands ſo ſoft, and their Chins ſo ſmooth* — Now, Pax! this provoked me; ſo ſays I; Madam, if your Ladyſhip prefers empty Joys to real ones, I'gad I can't help that; but let me pronounce to you, Madam, that one of thoſe Singing things with ſoft Hands, and ſmooth Chins, is no more to be compared to me I'gad! than an empty Hogſhead, to one full of generous Wine — S'heart, Madam, ſays I, what would your Ladyſhip do to drink when you are aydry? So ſays ſhe again, in a ſort of Paſſion and Heat —— my Lord ——

Sir

Sir *Har.* Huſh, huſh, the Ladies are here; I fancy the Sequel is not fit for modeſt Ears.

L. *Mode.* I'gad! no more it is; but it's diverting, and we'll have it out another time.

Enter Flavia *and* Araminta.

Ladies! your moſt obedient! I was in hopes, Madam, to have ſeen your Ladyſhip in the *Mall*— There was [*to* Flavia] hardly Room to Walk; this One-a-Clock *April* Sun, invites the World abroad like a Swarm o'Bees in the Bloſſoming time.

Flav. Pleaſant, and Wholeſome, my Lord! ——

L. *Mode.* I'gad! neither, Madam! — I found it an abſolute Solitude.

Flav. How! My Lord! — and ſo much good Company?

L. *Mode.* Your Ladyſhip was not there; and the *Mall* without you of a fine Day — is to me like Wine without good Company; or an Elegant Feaſt, where the Cook in the variety of his Skill has omitted my Favourite Diſh.

Flav. Oh! you're too obliging, my Lord; but I dare ſay you did not find it ſo ſolitary, as you wou'd make us believe — there was Miſs *Forward* at leaſt.

L. *Mode.* O! Ay, Madam, and her Twin, Miſs *Neverbluſh*, — tho' I'gad I ſaw neither; but they never miſs. —

Flav. No, you're as ſure to find them there as the Trees.

L. *Mode.* Good! — And they now haunt the *Mall*, as ſome Years ago they did the Drawing-Room.

Flav. They haunt publick Places, till, like Domeſtick Spirits, they become ſo familiar, that People take no Notice of their Appearing.

L. *Mode.* Ha, ha, ha! true Madam. — A Beautiful Lady ſhou'd preſerve her Sovereignty, as your Eaſtern Princes do; — yet as I hope to be ſaved, I think the

Mell, one or other, the prettieſt Theatres on Earth for a fine Woman to produce her ſelf into Action.

L. *Conſt.* Yes, for Prudes, Coquets, and ſuperannuated Beauties, who, like Batts, fly abroad in an Evening to catch Fops and Coxcombs.

L. *Mode.* Nay, Dear *Conſtant*, how ill-natur'd that is — and how unhappily wert thou born with ſuch *Gothick* Senſes about thee! — I'll maintain before any Tribunal of Juſtice upon Earth, that thoſe Ladies, you call Coquets, are by the right Rule of Faſhion and exquiſite Breeding ——

L. *Conſt.* The moſt inſupportable Creatures living.

Flav. To jealous Lovers, Ha, ha, ha!

L. *Mode.* Right, as I hope to be ſaved, your Ladyſhip has hit it; a ſlighted Lover has no Revenge ſo ready as to fancy his Miſtreſs a Coquet

Flav. Yet interprets the leaſt Glimpſe of a Smile in his own Favour.

L. *Mode.* But is ready to hang himſelf if ſhe ſmiles on another. [*Both laugh.*] Ha, ha, ha! [*And then ſeem to talk earneſtly.*]

L. *Conſt.* [*to Sir* Harry.] S'life! How can you bear this Impertinence? —— Let's be gone.

Sir *Har.* She does it but to try your Temper, my Lord, Ha, ha, ha!

L. *Conſt.* *Harry*, you muſt learn to time your Mirth! —— but I'll keep my Temper, and ſee where the Folly will end.

Flav. Ha, ha! And my Lady *Primly*, was ſhe a Basking too?

L. *Mode.* O, yes, Madam, and her Shadow Mrs. *Trotwell*, who from the Countenance of a Lady of Quality, has the Inſolence to affect all the ways of Faſhion, — forgets ſhe's plain Miſtreſs her ſelf, and will ſpeak to no Acquaintance that does not carry a Title.

Flav.

Flav. Oh! the Monſter of Affectation! —— I've known her make five or ſix Turns, and never once move her Eyes; but as ſhe ſteer'd the clumſy Maſs o' Pride about — In ſhort, I've known her return to her Coach with the very individual Plan of Countenance ſhe had practiſed at her Toilet, after having borrowed it from ſome Flirt o' Quality.

L. *Conſt.* That Look was kept longer, than ſome Ladies keep good Reſolutions.

Flav. Ha, ha, ha! And wou'd your Gravity, my Lord, intimate, that a Woman ſhou'd he married to her Reſolution, and hold it for better for worſe?

L. *Conſt.* No, Madam; — but I think a Woman who reſolves without Steadineſs, is in danger of being Gay without Conqueſt. ——

L. *Mode.* E'gad, give me Ladies who dare ſhake off their fooliſh Impreſſions, and take a Flight above Scandal, — for our parts, I'gad, I know not what we ſhou'd do, but for a few Ladies o' Spirit. ——

Aram. Amazing! How the Fool talks! 'Tis to be wiſh'd your Lordſhip may meet with one of thoſe Ladies o' Spirit, — one who will ſave you the trouble of arguing her out of her fooliſh Impreſſions.

L. *Mode.* Pax! This Nun, with her frozen Air, has already chill'd me to Modeſty. [*Aſide.*] Madam, I-- I-- I only like ſuch Women as they afford us Subject of Mirth — We ſhou'd be at a loſs how to keep up our Spirits, and elude the Melancholy Influence of a moiſt foggy Air; but for a little Scandal to inſpirit Converſation — Don't you virtuous Ladies love a little Scandal? It ſets off your Merit, as a *Blackamoor* Page does your Beauty in a Picture.

Aram. Your Lordſhip muſt have a ſtrange Notion of Virtue, if you fancy it ſtands in need of ſuch wretched Foils.

L. *Mode.* Nay, faith Madam, my Notions are — I-- I--- I have always conceiv'd — I-- I-- but Pax, I'm no Philoſopher — there are your Fellows who Dream

of

of thoſe things, and fancy them true when they wake — but, I--I. ——

Aram. Your Lordſhip, I preſume ——

L. *Mode.* Look you, Madam! — if you are for turning it into an Argument, I quit the Field, —— Rat Study and Argument, it is Work for a Porter.

L. *Conſt.* [*to* Araminta.] Conſider, Madam, his Lordſhip's Brain has Fibres tender and delicate, —— an Argument might prove as ruffling to it, as an unruly Blaſt o' Wind to his Periwig —— it might diſcompoſe the whole Fabrick, Ha, ha, ha! ——

L. *Mode.* He ſays true, Madam — it might indeed! Any thing to get rid of her, for I have caught the Spleen from her already. [*Aſide.*

Flav. My Lord, if you pleaſe, [*to* Modely.] We'll go ſtart a new Argument over a Diſh of Tea.

L. *Mode.* E'gad! If you are in the Humour, I have five or ſix things piping-hot, —— almoſt as young, and as warm as your Beauties; — rat me! an admirable well hit Stroke, that! —— [*Aſide.*]

[*Exeunt all but L.* Conſt. *and* Flav.

[*As* Flavia's *going, Lord* Conſtant *pulls her back, and both look at one another ſome time without ſpeaking.*

Flav. Wou'd you ſpeak with me, my Lord? [*In a low ſoft Tone.*

L. *Conſt.* [*In a trembling voice.*] I wou'd, Madam!

Flav. Well! my Lord! And what wou'd you ſay?

L. *Conſt.* Faith, I don't know —— [*In ſome Confuſion.*] I own I am at a Loſs.

Flav. Nay, then your Servant, my Lord. [*Going.* You'll have found what you look for by that time we meet again.

L. *Conſt.* Stay, Madam! —— How have I deſerv'd this careleſs Behaviour?

Flav. [*Aſide.*] What ſhall I ſay to him? — I cou'd almoſt pity him —— curs'd be the Stars that brought

us

us acquainted! —— muſt I ſacrifice my Humour to his? No! ——

L. *Conſt.* If you, Madam, are thoughtful, I fear, I'm guilty. ——

Flav. My Lord! I was muſing on my Father's cruel Deſign ——

L. *Conſt.* You've reviv'd my dying Spirits, —— that beſpeaks a kind Concern. ——

Flav. I wou'd die a thouſand Deaths, rather than marry that Monſter. ——

L. *Conſt.* Fear it not, —— Sir *Harry* and I will find means —— but, Dear Madam ——

Flav. What? ——

L. *Conſt.* My Lord *Modely* ——

Flav. What of my Lord *Modely?*

L. *Conſt.* Your Behaviour ——

Flav. The old Bone of Contention! Now, I muſt leave you indeed. [*Going.*

L. *Conſt.* What! To go to him?

Flav. No, no; but you wou'd not have me guilty of the Ill-manners to leave him without Company. [*Going.*

L. *Conſt.* Company, Madam! Your Couſin and Sir *Harry* are with him.

Flav. O, ay, but you'll follow my Lord —— [*Exit.*

L. *Conſt.* Death and Torture! She loves him! —— She flies like a Hawk to the Lure. [*In diſorder.*

Enter Sir Harry.

Have you ſeen her, *Harry?*

Sir *Har.* Who?

L. *Conſt.* Well! And cou'd you read Joy in her Countenance — violated Love ſparkle in her Eyes — did ſhe not reſume her uſual Gayety upon joining the gaudy Coxcomb? —— Did he not kiſs her ſoft Hand? —And did not her wanton Spirits, agitated by the Warmth of his Lips, paint Deſire on her glowing Cheeks?

Sir

Sir *Harry*. My Lord!

L. *Conſt*. O, *Harry!* That not even the fainteſt Image of thy perfidious Couſin cou'd remain on my Imagination!

Sir *Har*. What has ſhe done now, my Lord? I warrant, ſome of my Predictions verify'd.

L. *Conſt*. Done! She loves that Fop.——

Sir *Har*. I don't believe it.

L. *Conſt*. Not believe it!—— your Reaſon?

Sir *Har*. Nay, it won't comfort you, for I think her incapable of Love.

L. *Conſt*. Pſhaw *Harry!* you miſ-judge things—— ſhe has lov'd, and does love——— or acted it ſo well, that in the ſofteſt Moments of our Converſation——'Sdeath! the Reflexion diſtracts me!——ſhe has often died away in my Arms, and left her Beauty, her Virtue expoſed to the Mercy of my inraged Deſires—— but my Love, my Honour were her Protection, and reſcu'd her, and my ſelf from the Storm of Paſſion.

Sir *Har*. Ha, ha, ha! juſt the Woman I thought her——ſhe wou'd have help'd your Courage, and ſaved her Bluſhes.

L. *Conſt*. This it is that tortures me, *Harry*—— perhaps ſhe plays the ſame Part with *Modely*.

Sir *Har*. See! here he comes—— you'll flatter the Fop's Vanity, if he ſees he gives you Pain——

Enter Lord Modely *gravely*.

L. *Mode*. Still in Conference!—ſtill wrapt up in your Schemes!——I know what you're about——

L. *Conſt*. Schemes, my Lord! what Schemes?

L. *Mode*. Right!——i'gad you affect Ignorance admirably——you keep your Countenance like any State Miniſter.

L. *Conſt*. Pr'ythee ſpeak to be underſtood.

L. *Mode*. Nay, if you're above being compar'd to a Stateſman, what think you of a Compariſon with

a

a certain Lady of my Acquaintance, who pick'd me up at laſt Maſquerade;——but I ſuppoſe ſhe loved me a great while, and dar'd not tell me ſo——ſhe long'd for me.

Sir *Har.* A very modeſt Suppoſition, I own.

L. *Mode.* I was bare-fac'd,——and the amorous Nymph, under the Diſguiſe of a Mask and feigned Voice, fancy'd her Fame and Virtue as ſecure with me, as a *Domine!*—— So,——there, I begg'd to know who I muſt thank for her Favours;——but all in vain, i'gad not ſhe, ſhe wou'd never betray her Virtue,——truth on't is, I did not much urge her, for I knew her all the while, by a Ring and a Snuff-box, ha, ha, ha!

L. *Conſt.* Pr'ythee, what of all this?

L. *Mode.* Why, next Night I ſaw her in the Drawing-Room——and now comes the Jeſt on't,---there I took an Opportunity of telling her the Adventure, as if it had paſs'd between a Gentleman of my Acquaintance and another Lady.

L. *Conſt.* Well, and, what then?

L. *Mode.* Why ay, that's the Point——ſhe kept her Countenance as compoſed as both yours; and ſeem'd as demure, as if ſhe had never known one Tittle of the Matter.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! it's a Sign ſhe did not like her Entertainment, at leaſt not enough to long for a Repetition;——but pry'thee my Lord, how do you apply this Fable to us?

L. *Mode.* Why, don't you know, that I know, you are contriving Means to reſcue *Flavia* from the Danger which threatens her?—and yet you wou'd keep it a Secret.

L. *Conſt.* Nay, now my Lord, you muſt gueſs again——

L. *Mode.* Nay, now thy Countenance is without Parallel,——and I ſhall admire thee ever after,——but how comes it that Sir *Godfrey*'s Deſign of throwing

ing away his Daughter upon *Cheatly*, has been kept from me?——I might have had that Secret imparted at leaſt———

Sir *Har.* Only as a Family Affair, my Lord, in which I thought you had no Concern.

L. *Mode.* Pr'ythee, why no Concern, *Harry?*—— I admire your Couſin, you know I do——and wou'd do her any Service——If you will but aſſiſt me to reſcue the fair *Ariadne*, I'll be her *Theſeus*, and fight the Monſter——will you ſtand by me, Gentlemen?

Sir *Har.* We'll think of it, my Lord!——

L. *Mode.* Ay! do ſo, while I ſtep to a Lady that has languiſh'd for me this half Hour——*Adieu! mes Cheres.* [*Exit.*

Sir *Har.* His quarrelling with *Cheatly* may turn to Advantage——

L. *Conſt.* O *Harry!* but one thing deſerves our Care; we muſt examine into *Flavia*'s Mind;——if ſhe ſtill is Miſtreſs of her Honour, I've a Fortune that will make head againſt Cenſure;——the World judging of Virtue by Figure, will applaud her Diſobedience, and call it Wiſdom,——let's find her

O'er vulgar Rules the Great may take a Flight;
The Poor are often cenſur'd, tho' they're right.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir GODFREY'S *House.*

Enter Cheatly, *and* Tom.

Cheat. THE charming Widow, and ſo impatient you ſay?——well, go, tell *Lucy*, I'll wait of her Lady in an Hour——

Tom. Pray, Sir, go this Inſtant——

Cheat. I muſt muſter and review my Forces firſt, in order to a freſh Attack upon my Patron;—I've had more trouble than enough in collecting five or ſix acute Fellows, notwithſtanding the Town is over-run with Foreigners, who are upon the Look-out, as well as my ſelf;——but Opportunity, *Tom*, is like the beautiful Wanton, not to be dally'd with,——take wing then, and like another *Mercury*, the Meſſenger of Love, carry the welcome News of approaching Joys, — whilſt I, thy *Soſia*, act *Mercury* in a different Capacity, and diſplume the old Knight of his Feathers.

Tom. [*going.*] But Sir, remember you are not to think of Madam *Flavia*——

Cheat. Doſt fancy, I know the World no better than to bite at a Shadow? [*Exeunt different Ways.*

Enter Lord Conſtant *and Sir* Harry.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha—— his Lordſhip looked lamentably!

L. *Conſt.*

L. *Conſt.* Faith! *Harry*, a ſtrange Metamorphoſis this!——Love has e'en turn'd the pert Coxcomb into a whining Fool——a Fool indeed to concert Schemes with me, whom he knows to be his Rival———

Sir *Har.* Inteſtine Foes unite, upon Approach of a foreign Invaſion.

L. *Conſt. Ye Gods!* That Love ſhou'd ever fix upon ſo phantaſtical a Habitation, as his Heart!

Sir *Har.* Marvel not, my Lord,—— your Miſtreſs dwells there——and faith in my Mind, a very pertinent Situation; as Witches ſail in Egg-ſhells, or *Sylphs* ride on fleeting Atoms;——for my part I wou'd as ſoon make a Voyage to *Lapland* with one of thoſe Witches, as embark on board Matrimony with a Coquet for my Pilot———

L. *Conſt.* Too cruel *Harry!* I find I might as well expect you to become my Enemy as *Flavia*'s Friend.

Sir *Har.* No faith, my Lord——when *Flavia* deſerves your Love, ſhe ſhall command my Friendſhip——but till then———

L. *Conſt.* Then you are her Friend, for *Flavia* is her ſelf again; ſhe has ſaid ſo many kind things, with a bewitching Grace, which you know is ſo natural and peculiar to her ſelf.

Sir *Har.* Which I know, ha, ha, ha! no faith, my Lord—— ſhe never made love to me in her Days—— indeed I've ſeen her flirt it to *Modely*, and make the Centre of a Circle of Beaux, where like the Sun ſhe gave Life to a Myriad of fluttering Inſects, ha, ha, ha!

L. *Conſt.* Nay, *Harry*, I am ſerious,——I tell you ſhe is conſcious of her Levity, and has promis'd that if Sir *Godfrey* ſhould preſs her Marriage with *Cheatly*, and ſhe can get off no other way———

Sir *Har.* She will even go with you.

L. *Conſt.* She promis'd it——but then the charming Innocence, the perſuaſive Candour with which ſhe promis'd

promis'd it—— O *Harry*, like Health and Eaſe to the recover'd Patient, my Blood run balmy through my Veins, and I was loſt in unexpected Joy——

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! faith, my Lord, you muſt excuſe me,—but I cannot help laughing,——your Miſtreſs keeps you in a conſtant Ague,——a Rotation of hot and cold Fits;——to day, I find, you burn; but, to morrow, ſhe'll ſet you a freezing.

L. *Conſt.* Come——abate of your Severity——you know I never had any reaſon to accuſe *Flavia*, but from the Phantoms of my jealous Imagination:—— my Paſſion has been ſo unbounded, that the leaſt natural Gaiety was magniſy'd into a Fear of Inconſtancy.

Sir *Har.* And pray my Lord! why mayn't that ſame unbounded Paſſion miſtake real Lightneſs for Gaiety?

L. *Conſt.* Becauſe ſhe is too young to practiſe thoſe Arts.——had ſhe been beat upon the Town, and hackney'd from Lover to Lover, at the *Bath*, at *Tunbridge*, in the Drawing-Room, and other publick Places——had ſhe been ever initiated in that ſtill more pernicious Cuſtom of private Aſſemblies, your Suſpicions might alarm me, but her Youth, and Inexperience, are my Security.

Sir *Har.* Huſh! here comes your Rival——we'll encourage his quarrelling with *Cheatly*.

L. *Conſt.* With all my Heart——any thing, now I am ſure of my *Flavia*.

Enter Lord Modely, *a little fluſter'd; he ſings and dances.*

L. *Mode.* Tol, de rol——tol de rol——pax, I'm above my ſelf to day——

L. *Conſt.* We perceive it, my Lord; but what's the Occaſion?

L. *Mode. Champaigne*, my Dear! and it ſparkles ſo in my Veins, that ſink my Spirits, [*Dances*] tol de

rol——what was I going to ſay, *Harry?* dem me, if I han't forgot.

Sir *Har.* Nay, my Lord, we ſhall fancy you have taken a Draught of Oblivion, for you even ſeem to have forgot your Miſtreſs——

L. *Mode.* Juſt a Moment's Eclipſe——and new Sunſhine——egad ſhe breaks out as bright as——as bright a——as——a——Plague! I hate a Simile;——beſides what can ſhe be compar'd to, when there's nothing that's mortal looks like her——but, my Dears, will you aſſiſt me in her Reſcue?

Sir *Har.* We will:——

L. *Mode.* Then *Cheatly*'s a dead Man——but what will the old Knight ſay to me? pax, what care I——he's an old Fool, rat me! and muſt throw aſide his Plaything——but, here a' comes——bleſs us! what a Body of Myrmidons along with him! *What! is* Newgate *or* Bedlam *broke looſe?*

Sir *Har.* No, my Lord——but *France* and *Italy* are broke looſe——thoſe are Merchants——

L. *Mode.* Merchants!——thoſe?

Sir *Har.* Yes——who trade upon their Parts, and barter Sound and fine Taſte, for plain Gold and Silver.

L. *Mode.* I'gad, a moſt aſtoniſhing Crew!

L. *Conſt.* [*To Sir* Harry.] I'll leave you, I won't be ſeen at their Meeting. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Godfrey, *follow'd by a Crowd of Foreigners, ſuch as Painters, Statuaries,* &c. *and a Muſician; moſt of them very meanly dreſs'd——the Muſician in a lac'd Suit of Cloaths.*

Sir *Godf.* Come Gentlemen, perhaps you will ſee, not that I boaſt it, one of the moſt curious Cabinets in *Europe.*

L. *Mode.* Sir *Godfrey*, I am your Cabinet's moſt humble Servant, rat my Spirits!——

Sir *Godf.*

Sir *Godf.* Yours, my good Lord.

[*They ſalute very low.*

L. *Mode.* Pray Sir, may I be ſo free as to ask who theſe Gentlemen are.

Sir *Godf.* Theſe Gentlemen, my Lord! are Men of Letters; ſome are *Virtuoſi*, others *Connoiſſeurs*——and ſuch like——

L. *Mode.* Such like! *Virtuoſi*, and *Connoiſſeurs*, ha, ha, ha!——igad I thought they were ſomething extraordinary by their Aſpect. [*To Sir* Harry.] Gentlemen, yours——but pray Sir *Godfrey*, which are the Men o' Letters, and which are the *Virtuoſi*, and ſuch likes——for you muſt know I am a mighty Admirer of Rareties, and of all Sorts of ſtrange Creatures, igad.

Sir *Godf.* If you addreſs your ſelf to them, my Lord, I dare ſay, they will anſwer you civilly; Foreigners, you know, are always polite—— you know the Saying, my Lord — *Le François complaiſant, il civil Italiano*, and ſo forth——

L. *Mode.* I profeſs, Sir *Godfrey*, you amaze me—— Lard! you are as learn'd a *Virtuoſo* as the beſt o' them all—— Well, and this fine Fellow! [*Addreſſes himſelf to the Fellow in Lace.*] he has been, I perceive, exchanging his Literature for ſome of your *Engliſh* Gold——Pray Sir, will your *Italian* Politeneſs be pleaſed to inform me, wherein your Virtuoſoſhip conſiſts?

Ital. Me be van Maeſtro di Muſica.

L. *Mode.* Ha, ha, ha! a Fidler! rat a Fidler! it's as impertinent a thing in a Gentleman's Company, as his Fiddle is in the Hands of a Gentleman who knows not a Note of Muſick.

Sir *God.* Fy, my Lord!——you ſhould not ſay a Fidler——it's true, indeed, his Inſtrument is the Fiddle—— but he's a Maſter o' Muſick—— he ſhall have an Apartment in my Houſe, and eat at my Table.

L. *Mode.* Ah, Gad! you are very right, Sir *Godfrey*; and I commend your polite Taſte—— it's as faſhionable to have a Foreigner in one's Family now a-days, as it was ſome Ages ago, to have a Fool there——— But this Gentleman, [*To Signior* Bagatelli.] don't you, Sir, likewiſe excel in ſome important Trifle? you pleaſe the Ear, the Taſte, the Smell, the Eye? are you not an admirable Cook for ſome one of the Senſes, Sir?

Sir *Godf.* My Lord, this Gentleman's a *Virtuoſo*, a *Connoiſſeur*—— this is the renown'd Signor——— let me ſee, for his Titles are numerous———Signor *Giacomo, Beneditto, Marco, Aurelio, Bagatelli* ——

L. *Mode.* Signor, ha, ha, ha!——'Slife! are they not all *Virtuoſi*, all *Connoiſſeurs?*

Bagat. No, my *Lore*——me be de Virtuoſo—me be van very uſeful Man to de Noblemens and de Gentlemens,—— me ſhew dem de Beauties and de Defaux in Pittura's—— me diſtinguiſh de Original from de Copee—and can give you de roll vid Directions to know de Name and de Stile of all de famous Painters that ever vas live, my *Lore*———

L. *Mode.* Demme! a moſt impudent Fellow, and Rogue enough to impoveriſh a Prime Miniſter.

Bagat. Me be van very honeſt Man, my *Lore*—— me no let de Rogues cheat de Noblemens and Chentelmens.

L. *Mode.* No, I dare ſay you don't; for you keep the cheating of 'em to your ſelf.

Sir *Godf.* For Shame, my Lord!—I beſeech you —

Bagat. Me can tell de true from de falſe Medals, ——me know Antiques from Moderns, and can tell de Braſs de *Corinth*, from oder Braſs, by de Taſte.

L. *Mode.* And me can tell de Braſs d' *Italy* by de Sight——— thou art an *Italian* braſs Medal thy ſelf demme! and thy Reverſe is—— a Rogue's Hand in a Fool's Pocket. [*Looks briskly about.*] What! Meſſieurs! have you got never a Rappee-Snuff-Grinder among

among you?——never a wholeſale Diſpenſer of *Bologna* Sauſages, *Parmezan* Cheeſe, and *Vermicelli?* O, ay, this is he. [*Lays hold of a dirty Fellow.*

Sir *Godf.* I ſhall loſe all Patience—my Lord, you grow unmannerly——

L. *Mode.* I'gad, Sir, if you go to that——I've loſt all Patience too,——'Slife, what do you mean by this Swarm of Foreign Inſects about you?——Vermin, Mites, Caterpillers, the Off-ſweepings of their own Country; I'd have you to know, Sir—I've travell'd, have ſeen the World, and am ſorry to find you impoſed upon by a Parcel of Dogs—Sir.

Italians. [*All in an Uproar.*] *Coſpetto di Bacco*——Dogs, Dogs, *che vuol dire queſto*—Dogs——Dogs——

Sir *God.* Come Gentlemen, ben't offended; his Lordſhip is a little diſtracted or ſo at Times——Come, we'll go in——pray Gentlemen follow me---[*Exit Sir* Godfrey, *the* Italians *follow muttering and grumbling.*] Dogs——Dogs——*Coſpetto di Bacco*, Dogs.

L. *Mode.* Hey Boy! what ſayſt thou now?——Is not this a won Battle——

Sir *Har.* 'Twas bravely done, my Lord——'twas *a Coup d'eclat* indeed——

L. *Mode.* Ha, ha, ha! I broke their Ranks, *Harry!* I ply'd the Dogs with my ſmall Shot——I let fly ſuch Vollies of Sarcaſm and ſparkling Champaigne, egad——

Sir *Har.* But I fear the Rogues will rally their Forces, when the General joins them.

L. *Mode.* Who do you call the General, pray?——you don't mean *Cheatly*, do ye?——

Sir *Har.* The ſame——but, he's one of your Huſſars, and will make but a running Fight, I believe.

L. *Mode.* I don't know that——yet, he does not ſeem to have much Fire? Heh!

Sir *Har.* A Mule——

L. *Mode.* He won't fight then, I ſuppoſe? heh! what think you? will he fight?

Sir *Har.* Fight! hang him; he fight!——he'll bear kicking as tamely as a blown Gameſter.

L. *Mode.* Ay, I believe he will—— as you ſay——but——[*Starts.*] Plague! here a' comes——

Sir *Har.* You are not afraid, my Lord

L. *Mode.* Who I? no, O fie, not in the leaſt——[*Sings.*] tol de rol——

Sir *Har.* I'll ſtep into the next Room, my Lord. [*Going.*

L. *Mode.* But be ſure you ſtay within Call——look you, *Harry?* and don't fail me——if you ſhould——Hem, hem.

Enter Cheatly *croſſing the Stage, without taking Notice of* Modely.

L. *Mode.* Hy, hy, Mr. What's your Name,——ſy——

Cheat. [*Turns and ſees Lord* Mode.] My Lord——your Pleaſure?

L. *Mode.* What was I about to ſay to him? Egad, I fear, I ſhall begin at the wrong End——I don't much like the Look of him! but Pax! I muſt not flinch——thoſe Rogues will laugh me dead. [*Aſide.*

Cheat. [*Going.*] My Lord, your Servant——Sir *Godfrey* has ſent for me in a Hurry.

L. *Mode.* Let Sir *Godfrey* wait——I ſuppoſe, Sir, you've Deſigns on his Daughter.

Cheat. Not I, I proteſt, my Lord—— I had her not in my Thoughts.

L. *Mode.* What, Sir! not think on her! Demme, Sir! affect the Indifference of a Husband already! a very extraordinary Air that! rat me!

Cheat. Your Lordſhip will pardon me, if I don't perfectly underſtand you.

L. *Mode.*

L. *Mode.* [*In a loud Voice.*] Indifference for ſo fine a Lady, Sir, is no better [*In a low Voice*] than Impudence. [*Aſide.*

Cheat. I allow, my Lord—— She is a very fine Woman.

L. *Mode.* Fine, Sir! Such, Sir, is the Power of that Lady's Charms, that Thouſands are ready to die in her Cauſe.

Cheat. Very probably, my Lord— but I really am too unworthy a Sacrifice.

L. *Mode.* What! then you won't fight for her?

Cheat. Not I truly——

L. *Mode.* So! now I'll bully him. [*Aſide.*] Come, Sir, this is all Grimace and Cunning, for I know you love her, and encourage Sir *Godfrey* in his Deſign of throwing her away upon you, upon you, Sir——

Cheat. My Lord, you wrong me— Sir *Godfrey* deſigns indeed——

L. Mode. Sir, it's a Lye——

Cheat. Nay, then—— I muſt take my Leave, my Lord. [*Offers to go.*

L. *Mode.* No, Sir— Not at all, Sir— not that Way, Sir—— [*Takes him by the Button.*

Cheat. Which Way then, my Lord?

L. *Mode.* That Way — down Stairs—— quite out of this Houſe, Sir—— and if ever you come a-near it again—— quite out of the World, Sir. [*Draws.*

Cheat. I muſt ſee Sir *Godfrey*, my Lord—— I muſt, indeed!

L. *Mode.* What! againſt the Point of my Sword?

Cheat. I muſt indeed, my good Lord.

L. *Mode.* No Expoſtulation, Sir—— I am arm'd, enrag'd, poſitive, inflexible, inexorable.

[*Stamps at every Word.*

Cheat. Again, my good Lord, I intreat you.

L. *Mode.* What! is the Mule tardy? Do ye ride reſty— Beaſt! Jade! then I find I muſt ſpur ye—

[*Goes to thruſt at him.*

Cheat, [*Draws*, *Lord* Modely *retires.*] My Lord, you are inſupportable; and I'll die rather than bear this Treatment.

L. *Mode.* Hy! *Harry*, *Harry*, where a' Pox are you--Thieves, Murder, *Harry!*——

Enter Lord Conſtant *and Sir* Harry. Cheatly *ſlinks off.*

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! Has the General forced your Lines, my Lord, that you cry'd out for your *Corps de reſerve.*

L. *Mode.* Forc'd my Lines!—— No, hang him, I wanted you to be Witneſs of his cowardly Retreat--- The Fellow run like any routed *Frenchman*, igad there was no Poſſibility of o'er-taking him---- He has left me in Poſſeſſion of the Field.

L. *Conſt.* } Ha, ha, ha!
Sir *Har.* }

L. *Mode.* Ha, ha, ha!

L. *Conſt.* } Ha, ha, ha!
Sir *Har.* }

L. *Mode.* What a Pax do you mean, by laughing ſo long, tho'?

L. *Conſt.* Only at your Lordſhip's Dexterity, Ha, ha, ha!

L. *Mode.* Rat me now, if I underſtand you.

L. *Conſt.* Indeed, my Lord, you Gentlemen of delicate Form, are by no means cut out for rough Exerciſe—— And your Swords ſerve you but as Badges to diſtinguiſh you from modern Amazons, ha, ha, ha!

L. *Mode.* O fy, my Lord —— I proteſt— I--- I---

L. *Conſt.* Nay, my Lord, don't puzzle your ſelf---- we are going upon a little Buſineſs, and ſhall hear your Apology by that Time it's ready.

[*Exeunt Lord* Conſt. *and Sir* Har. *laughing.*

L. *Mode.* Pax o' this unlucky Enterprize--- It will be half the Town over in a Twinckling!—— Thoſe Fellows will make Proclamation wherever they come,

in

in Order to ſpoil my Reputation with the Women! But, demme, I'll deny the Imputation, and ſwear it's a Lye of my Rival's inventing.

Enter Flavia.

Flav. O, my Lord! my Lord! what have you done?

L. *Mode.* Done, Madam?——

Flav. O, yes, my Lord, done! your Valour has abſolutely ruin'd us all——

L. *Mode.* So, ſhe has it, I find. [*Aſide.*] I proteſt, Madam, I am wrong'd, and the Imputation is as falſe as you are fair—— Thoſe Gentlemen have abuſed you.

Flav. No, my Lord!—— Sir *Godfrey*, with an Air of Authority that makes me tremble, is now in his Cabinet, in a moſt direful Paſſion, and vows immediate Revenge.

L. *Mode.* What! has ſome unskilful Hand been miſplaceing his Rareties?

Flav. No, no, my Lord—— but your Fighting—— Sir *Godfrey* imputes it to me, and to prevent further Miſchief, devotes me a Prey to that Monſter this very Night—— O, that Thing will devour me! the Beaſt has an hundred Heads, and as many Claws, hideous Tuſhes; and will make no more of me than if I were—— Oh——

L. *Mode.* Fear him not, Madam, he ſhall not breath upon you—— Were he as ſtrong as *Goliah*, and as frightful as an *Hydra*, I'll at him again—— I'll go this Inſtant and cut his Throat. [*Going.*

Flav. Lard! the Thing loves me! I muſt make ſure of him. [*Aſide.*] Hold, my Lord! ſince I find you ſo much my Friend, I think you intitled to my Confidence.

L. *Mode.* O, dear Madam—— Duce take me——

Flav. My Lord, I muſt own to you, I am not deſtitute of Hopes—— I have had very advantageous Offers.

L. *Mode.*

L. *Mode.* Offers, Madam! you alarm me——

Flav. A favourable Symptom, that. [*Aſide*] Sir *Harry* has pleaded his Friend's Cauſe with ſo much Eloquence and perſuaſive Reaſon, that I have been forc'd to confeſs it more eligible to take up with a Man who was not my Averſion.

L. *Mode.* With *Conſtant*?

Flav. The ſame——

L. *Mode.* And, you have promis'd him accordingly.

Flav. Moſt certainly——

L. *Mode.* Ah! Madam! a cruel Confidence—— I could have heard the Voice of Death with leſs Terror——

Flav. The Marks are ſtrong upon him. [*Aſide.*] My Lord, it was a Promiſe with a Proviſo——

L. *Mode.* Now I'gad! neither Honour, nor Empire, could give half the Joy, this Glimpſe of Hope affords me.

Flav. Ay! I thought as much; the poor Soul is certainly in for't. [*Aſide.*] To me, my Lord, it's ſcarce a Glimpſe—— I muſt inſtantly reſolve, for Sir *Godfrey* is poſitive I ſhall be married this Night.

L. *Mode.* And ſo you ſhou'd, Madam, were I to adviſe——

Flav. How, my Lord; and wou'd you adviſe me?—

L. *Mode.* Yes, adoreable *Flavia*—— I would adviſe you to make me the happieſt of Mortals—— I value not your Father's Curſes, no, not ſo much as the Wing of one of his Butter-Flies—— I love you, I adore you, and if any Thing could heighten my Happineſs, it would be the Honour of ſnatching you from the Claws of your *Harpy*——

Flav. Poor *Modely!* [*Aſide.*] My Lord, you aſtoniſh me! I was talking to you as a Friend, and you attack me as a Lover.

L. *Mode.* O, Madam, Friendſhip without Love is as cold as Wind without Sun-ſhine.

Flav.

Flav. [*After a ſhort Pauſe.*] Shall you be at Lady *Worthleſs*'s this Evening, my Lord?

L. *Mode.* Yes, dear Angel——— I ſhall be every where, any where, no where, at your Pleaſure.

Flav. Yet——pray don't go, my Lord.

L. *Mode.* Dear, charming *Flavia!* don't wanton in my Pain, rather let your Good-nature give Increaſe to the Bleſſing. [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Flav. Well——you may call there, if you muſt——but, let go my Hand, and leave me this Inſtant, for the Family is in Confuſion, and ſome-body may be coming.

L. *Mode.* Ay, but firſt let me ſip this ſoft Taſte of my Happineſs. [*Kiſſes her Hand.* *Exit* Modely.

Enter Lord Conſtant, *ſees Lord* Modely *kiſs her Hand.*

L. *Conſt.* Heavens! what do I ſee!

Flav. Ha! [*Starts.*

L. *Conſt.* Nay, you need not thus ſtart; I am a Lover, not a Husband; if I reproach, it is my ſelf, if I curſe, it is not you; it is my fatal Credulity that could miſtake the falſe Smiles of a beautiful Wanton for Love and Sincerity.

Flav. What ſhall I ſay to him. [*Aſide.*] My Lord——

L. *Conſt.* Pardon me, Madam——I mean not to diſturb you——Yet, ſure, it could give you no Pain to hear I were wretched.

Flav. It will——I vow it will——Pray hear me.

L. *Conſt.* Hear the Song of a *Syren*———

Flav. Indeed you wrong me.

L. *Conſt.* I wiſh I did——I would die, I would even be curſed with perpetual Baniſhment from your Sight, on condition I have wrong'd you.

Flav. Yet, unheard, you condemn me———

L. *Conſt.* If I do——it is to prevent your further Abuſe of Truth——Did you not tell me you wou'd encourage *Modely* no more?

Flav. I own it.

L. *Conſt.*

L. *Conſt.* Did you not humour my Wiſhes——— Rail at all the Follies and Vanity of Women? Nay, you were eloquent upon the Subject, and Virtue ne'er appear'd ſo amiable, as when Hypocriſy repreſented her ———

Flav. And ſtill you doubt me.

L. *Conſt.* I have done--- and left my burſting Soul ſhou'd vent a Thought improper--- I'll leave you--- leave you to examine your Heart---there, if you find not your Fault, I ſhall learn perhaps, to deſpiſe, for, hate you, I never can. [*Going.*

Enter Araminta.

Madam, you are come a Moment too late to be Witneſs of a Ladys Diſhonour, who is [*Points to* Flavia] as falſe, as you are amiable---- the reſt you wou'd bluſh to know. [*Exit.*

[Flavia *and* Araminta *look at one another ſome time without ſpeaking.*

Flav. So! He's gone!---- I ſuppoſe to curſe his Stars and me; well! if he be ſo wicked, I have Grace to forgive him ——— poor Creature! I do from my Heart---- I hope his ugly Curſes won't reach me---- I'm ſure they ſhan't diſturb me.

Aram. Pr'ythee *Flavia*, what have you done to provoke the poor Gentleman to this degree of Impatience?

Flav. Done---- nothing, but made him mad; as I am with Pleaſure ——— Dear Girl, give me Joy.

Aram. Joy! What Joy? ———

Flav. Of Approaching Bliſs, my Dear ———.

I, ere to-morrow's ſmiling Sun will riſe,
With a Bride's Bluſh ſhall dim theſe brilliant Eyes.

Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall be my Lady,—my Lady *Modely*, Ha, ha, ha! Well! We Women have the Advantage of the Men, in this particular at leaſt ———

Aram.

Aram. In moſt Particulars, my Dear, you have, I dare ſay.

Flav. But really, now, my Dear, do you think the dry inſipid Preamble of a Patent, comes up to the Pleaſures of a Wedded Lady? -- Ha! Dear Girl, — ſhe who's made a Woman, a Lady, and free at once, enjoys as much Delight as can be well crowded within the Circle of twenty four Hours, ---- nay, faith, and I believe as much as poor Woman can well bear, Ha, ha, ha!— for *Vanity*, there's a Title, fine Cloths, fine Jewels, fine Equipage; —— for *Pride*, there's the Supercilious Air, cold Smile, and half Courtſy, to the plain Gentlewoman in publick; tho' ſhe were your Companion in private; ——— for *Liberty*, there's an abſolute Diſſolution of all ſtiff, formal Decorum; — and then, for *Curioſity*, there's Ha, ha, ha!

Aram. My Dear, this extraordinary Flow of your Spirits makes me quite melancholy ---- I never cou'd imagine, you wou'd have had the Courage, I won't call it by its other Name, to put your Deſigns in execution; —you muſt have abſolutely courted his Lordſhip.

Flav. Pooh, Child! Your Scruples are ever magnifying the Object; I have ſaved the Decorum, I've contriv'd matters ſo artfully, as not to coſt me a Down-look, a Bluſh, or a Hem! Ha, ha, ha!

Aram. You are in a ridiculous Humour, and that heightens my Pity; poor Lord *Conſtant* will certainly be miſerable!

Flav. Miſerable! ridiculous! He loves me upon a Suppoſition that I make him a Return; but when he finds I had no Heart to give, he'll put up with a Fleſh-wound, and thank me for his Eſcape from that mortal one of Matrimony ——— I warrant you, my Dear, we ſhall ſtill be good Friends upon a rational, ſolid Foundation.

Aram. Friends! — Can you expect it, after this barbarous Treatment? Beſides, I don't take it that Lord *Conſtant* is capable of a diſhonourable Paſſion.

Flav.

Flav. What does the Girl mean by her dishonourable Passion? I'll swear, one wou'd think you were jealous; have you not a *Tendre* for the Man, my Dear? Don't you find your self incline to him —— and are you not a little Partial or so in his Favour? Ha ha, ha!

Aram. Were it so, 'twou'd ill become you to Triumph, since I am ready to contribute to your Conquest — and perhaps I now am the more earnest in my Application to you, because I regard him, and think his Happiness depends on your Conduct.

Flav. And wou'd you, then, make a Sacrifice of your Love, my Dear?

Aram. With Pleasure, provided it made an honest Man happy!

Flav. Generous *Araminta!* Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Lord Constant.

L. *Const.* Ha! So merry! — I'll conceal my self awhile, and listen to the pleasing Subject. [*Aside.*

Flav. Indeed, my Dear, your Goodness is entirely lost upon me; for it really is not in my Power to make Lord *Constant* happy — we differ so widely in Temper and Inclination — Oh, my Dear, we are contrary Elements, and 'twou'd be Strife everlasting which shou'd prevail — in short, we shou'd make sad work on't.

L. *Const.* What do I hear? [*Aside.*

Aram. Not at all, my Dear — we are apt to be misled by those Trifles, which make up our Wishes —— Vanity, over fondly indulg'd, begets in us a Neglect of what is solidly pleasing, till we insensibly become Libertines; and then the World which betray'd us, despises us; and, what is still worse, we are forced to fly from Reflection, because it covers us with Shame and Confusion.

Flav. Reflection! O, fy, my Dear; Reflection infallibly breeds the Vapours —— I never mean to reflect —— L. *Const.*

L. *Conſt.* Sure my Senſes betray me! This cannot be *Flavia* that ſpeaks. [*Aſide.*

Aram. Indeed, my Dear, you muſt reflect, or you'll live to be a moſt ridiculous Creature — Pleaſure will leave you at laſt — How ſhou'd you like to be ſuch a one as old Lady *Youngly*, whoſe Fondneſs of the Men is rather nauſeous, than diverting? ——

Flav. O, hideous! I wou'd not be like her for the World.

Aram. Indeed, my Dear, you will be like her, except you alter your Notions — you are already like what ſhe has been, and all you differ in, is Age —— Your Dear Lord too, will be the Counterpart of Colonel *Gawdy*.

Flav. My Dear Lord *Modely*, like Colonel *Gawdy*? That Old illiterate prating Fop, with a Point of affected Gallantry ever tipping his Tongue —— And ſhall I be like that ſuperannuated painted Coquet? — O, never, never, they are Monſters of Nature, my Dear ——

L. *Conſt.* S'death! What a Creature have I lov'd? [*Aſide.*

Aram. There are many ſuch Monſters in this Town ——

Flav. There are ſtrange Creatures in Town, I own, but thoſe are the frightfulleſt! Why, my Dear, they are ever the Jeſts of publick Places — they dreſs like one and twenty, and converſe with none but Gay People, who are younger than their *Great-grand-children.*

Aram. Such, my Dear, are the charming Trophies of Youth without Reflexion.

Flav. O horrid Trophies, my Dear!

Aram. If you wou'd ſhun ſuch a Fate, you ſhou'd deſpiſe ſuch a Practice ---- Believe me, *Flavia*, there's ſo much ſolid Happineſs in a well conducted Life, that if it wants the quick Reliſh which reſults from a conſtant Indulgence of our Follies; yet, it's by ſo much the

the more to be preferr'd, as it never is liable to give us Pain --- My Lord *Conſtant*'s a Man, who (in my opinion) wants no one Quality to compleat a Woman's Happineſs, provided ſhe will conform but to the Meaſures it depends on ---- he loves you to Diſtraction, and his Love has painted you in all the amiable Colours of an Angel ——— 'twere cruel then, 'twere inhumane to betray him.

L. *Conſt.* Inimitable Goodneſs! [*Aſide.*

Flav. I vow, *Araminta*, you diſtract me ---- Lard! --- I know not what to reſolve; for I confeſs, I deſpiſe *Modely*, and think *Conſtant* a Man of real Merit.

L. *Conſt.* Nay, I ſhall now ſuſpect I never had any. [*Aſide.*

Aram. How can you then heſitate?

Flav. Lard, my Dear ---- we differ ſo ——— he certainly will inſiſt upon my loving him ——— and, to love, and live up to the Notions of a Philoſopher, is ſuch a thing —— but come, you muſt fortify me —— prop my Foible —— nay, you muſt not loſe ſight of me --- for, ſhou'd you leave me to the Mercy of my own Thoughts ---- O! I'gad, I won't anſwer for the Conſequence. [*Exit.*

Aram. I am pleaſed, methinks, that I have done my Duty, and been juſt to the Man I love — but alas! how deluſive this Glimpſe of Joy, which opens a Proſpect of my own Miſery! — I've no Claim to his Heart, but my unguarded Paſſion, and 'twere unreaſonable, that ſhou'd interfere with his Happineſs. [*Going.*

L. *Conſt.* O! I can keep my ſelf no longer from this Angel's Feet ——— Madam! [*Kneels.*

Aram. My Lord! —— what means this Diſorder?

L. *Conſt.* O! *Araminta*, 'tis to your Virtue I kneel, I have not been ignorant of it, yet never knew till this Inſtant to what a Height it reach'd.

Aram. I tremble! [*Aſide.*] My Lord! I beſeech you. [*Raiſes him.*

L. *Conſt.*

L. *Conſt.* Pardon my having over-heard you, ſince your moſt private Actions not only can bear the Light, but receive Luſtre from it. [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Aram. My Lord!

L. *Conſt.* Accept the humble Offering, my Heart—it's yours of right.—My Love for that giddy Girl, was a blind Paſſion; raiſed, firſt, by her Innocence; ſince, fann'd by acquir'd Arts—but, now that her Innocence is loſt, her Empire ceaſes; and from this Moment, to you I ſubmit the Reins, too long withheld by my Paſſions.

Aram. My Lord! *Flavia* may yet be happy in your Love.

L. *Conſt.* Impoſſible!—O! *Araminta*—here, I vow—

Aram. Hold, my Lord! make no haſty Reſolution.

L. *Conſt.* Do you forbid me?---- you deſpiſe my Heart?

Aram. Alas! My own cou'd leap from my Boſom to meet his. [*Aſide.*

L. *Conſt.* Yes, Madam, my Love of that vain Girl has render'd me contemptible—Is it not ſo?---ſpeak.—

Aram. [*Aſide.*] I muſt leave him, leſt my Weakneſs betray me.

L. *Conſt.* Nay, then I am debaſed---your Silence ſpeaks it---you do well, Madam, not to truſt to a tortured Heart, that has been ſo long the Game of Levity.

Aram. Your Heart, my Lord, I eſteem—but I ſhou'd wrong you, and my ſelf, ſhou'd I accept this ſudden Offer—*Flavia* has not yet ſo far forfeited a Lover's Partiality, but a Return of her Duty may deſerve a Return of your Tenderneſs---This Start of Reſentment you then may repent of, and I were miſerable indeed—my Lord, your Servant. [*Going.*

L. *Conſt.* Madam! ---- Will you leave me to Deſpair?

Aram. Your Happineſs, and my Honour, require I ſhou'd leave you at preſent. [*Exit.*

L. *Conſt.* How ſeverely has her Virtue reproach'd this ſudden, and untimely Proffer of my Heart!——— S'death! my Conduct has ſunk me in her Opinion ---- ſhe looks upon me ſtill as *Flavia*'s Slave ——— but, ſure, I am not ſo weak; nor has Reaſon, yet, quite deſerted me.

Tho' Youth's firſt Flame be fed with glittering Toys,
Experience proves them uſeleſs, idle Joys.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* Godfrey's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Godfrey *and a Footman.*

Sir *Godf.* IS Mr. *Cheatly* coming, *William?*

Footm. Pleaſe your Honour, I have not been able to find him.

Sir *Godf.* He's in the *Muſeum*, I ſuppoſe; go, tell him I want to ſpeak with him.

Footm. I have been at the *Muſeum*, Sir, and he's not there —— I'm inform'd he went out after Dinner.

[*Exit.*

Sir *Godf.* I ſuppoſe he's gone to the Lawyer's, to haſten the Deeds.

Enter Sir Harry Gaylove.

How now, Sir *Harry!* I hope you have by this time recollected, that it is the Birth-right of every Man, to diſpoſe of his own Family, and Fortune — Sure! my Property I may beſtow, as my Fancy directs, and it ſhou'd no more diſturb my Neighbours, than if I had got the Gout, or Rheumatiſm.

Sir *Har.* But you will allow your Friends, Sir, a Concern —As it wou'd affect me to ſee you in Pain, ſo it now does to ſee you throw away your Daughter and Fortune upon a Fellow ——

Sir *Godf.* A Fellow!

Sir *Har.* Of ſuch obſcure Birth, — that ——

Sir *Godf.* His obſcure Birth ſhall never Eclipſe his Merit in my Eyes ——— all Families have had their Commencement, and moſt of them not ſo honourable as his ſhall be — Of old, Virtue, Courage, and Knowledge enobled the Blood — now, Men erect Greatneſs upon Rapine and Fraud — wretched Foundation, and well deſerving your grave Cenſure.

Sir *Har.* 'Tis pity! That a Man who thinks ſo juſtly, and reaſons ſo well, ſhou'd be govern'd by a Paſſion, and abuſed ſo egregiouſly.

Sir *Godf.* Abuſed! By whom abuſed, pray?

Sir *Har.* By that Sycophant, *Cheatly* ———

Sir *Godf.* For ſhame, Sir *Harry*, you are too preſumptuous in your Cenſure —— Mr. *Cheatly*'s an honeſt Gentleman — he's no Sycophant, I aſſure you.

Sir *Har.* S'liſe, Sir ——— has he ever contradicted you?

Sir *Godf.* No ſurely ——— he's too well bred, to do that.

Sir *Har.* Has he ever bid you hold your Hand, when you were about laying out your Money in Pictures, Statues, Buſts, Shells, Flies, Reptiles, or in the Catalogue of your Rarities?

Sir *Godf.* No —— I think not — he has too good a Taſte —— On the contrary, he has provided me things of infinite Value — here's an inſtance, [*Pulls a ſmall Statue reſembling Alabaſter out of his Pocket, and gives it to Sir* Harry.] View it well — it's an *ANTIQUE MINIATURE* 3000 Years old — and I call it my Coloſſus by way of Irony.

Sir *Har.* Sir — I am ſorry to tell you, that for this Countenance you ſhew to a Set of illiterate Pretenders to Taſte, you are now become the Pity of all reaſonable Men, and the Ridicule of all baſe ones — S'death, Sir, wherein conſiſts the Merit of underſtanding an Inſect, Shell, or Reptile, if for thoſe Childiſh Amuſements, a Man leaves his Mind a waſte Wilderneſs?

Sir

Sir *Godf.* *Every Man in his Folly* — Now, to me, Amuſement is the great Secret of Life — it's the Philoſopher's Stone, the Longitude, the perpetual Motion — in a Word, it's Pleaſure without Pain, and, what ſtill is a better Argument ——— it's my Humour.

Sir *Har.* Let Monarchs mention Humour ——— but let Men be corrected by Reaſon ——— Humour is ———

Sir *Godf.* No matter what it is — come — give me my Coloſſus — I've Buſineſs in my *Muſeum*, and will hear no more of your Definitions ——— come ———

[*He goes to take the Statue from Sir* Harry.

Sir *Har.* But this whimſical Match, Sir ———

Sir *God.* Ay — this whimſical Match — give me my Coloſſus — I ſay ———

Sir *Har.* Here ——— take your Play-thing —

[*In giving the Statue he lets it drop, and it breaks in ſeveral Pieces.*

Sir *Godf.* [*Pauſes, as if he were ſtunn'd.*] Ah! Sir *Harry*, you have abſolutely ruin'd me ——— you had better have ſhot me through the Head at once ———

Sir *Har.* Ruin'd you, Sir ———

[*Sir* Godfrey *picking up the ſhatter'd Pieces* ——— *Sir* Harry *at the ſame time picks up one of them* ———

Sir *Godf.* Yes — ruin'd —— undone me —— Oh! my Alabaſter *Antique!*

Sir *Har.* Alabaſter! Ha, ha, ha! why, it's Chalk, mere *Engliſh* Chalk ——— only a little glazed.

Sir *Godf.* *Engliſh* Chalk! Invincible Ignorance!

Sir *Har.* Why, Sir, this Accident will turn to your Advantage.

Sir *Godf.* Undoubtedly --- it can't otherwiſe chuſe --- I wonder, Sir, that in the Overflowings of your Friendſhip, you never thought of ſetting fire to my *Muſeum* ——— wou'd it not turn to Advantage, Sir --- to ſet fire to my *Muſeum?*

Sir *Har.* Probably it might, Sir——but, that ſhall be Matter of future Conſideration.

Sir *God.* The bloody-minded Ruffian! conſider of burning my Rarities! [*Aſide.*] And wou'd you now really, Sir, find in your Heart to burn my Rareties? To conſume the Fruits of ſo much Time, and Labour, and Expence?

Sir *Har.* Come, come, Sir *Godfrey*, drop this trifling Subject, and think of your Daughter's Happineſs——it is of more immediate Concern.

Sir *Godf.* Think of my Daughter, ay. [*Going.*] I wiſh this Fellow were dead. [*Exit haſtily.*

Sir *Har.* Well! If *Flavia* were to follow my Advice, ſhe wou'd as ſoon marry one of thy Mummies, as thy Sycophant——ſhe ſhou'd provide for her ſelf, faith——

Enter Araminta.

Aram. She has done it, Brother——ſhe is Married——

Sir *Har.* Married?

Aram. To *Modely*——

Sir *Har.* Amazement!——has ſhe no Senſe of her Cruelty?

Aram. That's loſt in her imagin'd Happineſs; which, I am told, ſhe expreſſes in Extravaganee of Mirth, and affected Wit——

Sir *Har.* S'death! How powerfully can a vicious Heart affect the Brain; when it not only deprives us of Virtue, but even robs us of Decency!——Surely, a Woman once broke looſe from her Honour, forgets there is ſuch a thing as Reputation.

Aram. Reputation checks our Pleaſure, as Danger your Courage; and I've heard that your braveſt Soldiers, lay it down as a Maxim, never to think of Death.

Sir

Sir *Har.* But this Pruriency of Fancy! This hurrying one's ſelf through Life, without one ſober Thought, as if Reaſon were a Quickſand, amazes me! —— How do you contrive it, *Araminta?* Pray let me into the Secret; to ſet your Heart upon Trifles? Have you any Reflexion at all, when you take a fancy to a Fellow for his fine Cloths, and Impertinence?

Aram. Have a care, Sir *Harry!* You may have charg'd us with a Levity which you your ſelves are the Cauſe of.

Sir *Har.* How do we contribute to your Want of Conduct?

Aram. By ſeeming to confine us within the trifling Circle of Dreſs and Ornament —— you look upon us as things to be amus'd, not employ'd —— You encourage us in a gay, empty Familiarity with the Men, and admire us for thoſe very Follies, whereby we afterwards make you unhappy —— In ſhort, Brother, a Woman may now commit every Folly but one; ſhe may flutter as near to the Precipice as ſhe will, and hang over it with never ſo violent a Declivity; all's well, provided ſhe don't actually tumble in.——

Sir *Har.* I told *Conſtant* ſo, but he wou'd not believe me —— 'twas the Cuſtom of the Age, he ſaid; ſome Women did it without Deſign —— but how ſhall we do, my Dear —— there's no mending the Times.'

Aram. Mend our ſelves, Brother; that's ſufficient.

Sir *Har.* What! live out of the Faſhion! even *you* don't do that——

Aram. Clothes are Trifles, and ſuch a Compliment as may be made to the Humour of the Age: —— I don't think the Fault lies ſo much in the Humour of the Dreſs, as in the Folly of admiring it —— but my Conduct ſhou'd judge for it ſelf, becauſe I am ſingly to be weigh'd by it.

Sir *Har.* But is not Difference in Conduct, as much in danger of being laugh'd at, as Difference in Dreſs?

Aram. I hope not, Brother—a Woman may be virtuous without Oſtentation—may appear in the Drawing-Room often enough not to be forgot, go to a Play or an Opera, for the Sake of the Performance—converſe with her Friends, never rail at her Enemies, nor affect to be diſtinguiſh'd for more Merit than ſhe is conſcious of—ſo, ſhe may keep fair with the World, I think, without partaking its Follies——

Sir *Har.* But ſuppoſe Vice were become Faſhion!

Aram. I won't ſuppoſe it, Brother! for the Women will never be in danger of growing quite bad, till you Men think it a Fault to be virtuous.

Sir *Har.* So then, you are virtuous for our Sakes only?

Aram. I don't ſay ſo—but you are powerful Tempters; therefore, if the Men would make a Reformation in us, they ſhou'd begin with themſelves—— We are apt to be ſway'd by Opinion, and you know we have a mighty one of your ſuperior Underſtanding.

Sir *Har.* O' my Soul! *Araminta*, you have fairly fix'd the Fault upon us—and I cou'd almoſt wiſh you were not my Siſter—you wou'd certainly reconcile me to Matrimony——

Aram. Pſhaw, Brother, you're partial—but I muſt leave you to comfort my Lord.——I ſee him coming this way. [*Exit.*

Sir *Har.* I fear the firſt Onſet of his Paſſion—— the Convulſions of his Mind betwixt Love, Shame, and Diſappointment—I am ſick with the Apprehenſion——

Exit

Enter Lord Conſtant.

L. *Conſt.* How now, my dear Knight! melancholy and contemplative!—— cheer up— I've ſuch things to tell thee———

Sir *Har.* And I, ſuch things to tell you——

L. *Conſt.* Out with 'em—— if you are ſtill my Friend, and *Araminta* no Enemy, I bid Defiance to the Malice of Fortune!

Sir *Har.* *Araminta!* you rave! your Misfortunes!——

L. *Conſt.* My Misfortunes!—I can feel none, if *Araminta*——

Sir *Har.* How? *Araminta* again! nay, then you're delirious—in ſhort, *Flavia*'s gone———

L. *Conſt.* Dead?

Sir *Har.* No, worſe ſtill—married to *Modely*.——

L. *Conſt.* She's gone, and has dragg'd with her the poiſon'd Arrow from my Breaſt—Dear *Harry*.

[*Embraces Sir* Har.

Sir *Har.* Nay, this is the oddeſt Species of Madneſs, when Grief expreſſes it ſelf in Rapture!——

L. *Conſt.* Oh, *Harry!* grant me but thy Siſter, thy virtuous, adorable Siſter!

Sir *Har.* What! ſtill, my Siſter!

L. *Conſt.* It's too late to tell thee—but upon leaving *Flavia* in a Pet, I had vow'd to ſee her no more; yet my weak Heart betray'd me, and I was returning that Moment to play the Fool more than ever; when, ſurpriſing her in a cruel Laugh, and thy Siſter reproving her gravely, I ſtood and heard ſuch things,—O *Harry!* *Flavia*'s a Devil! thy Siſter an Angel, and except ſhe's my Guardian———

Sir *Har.* Nay, pray take her———

Enter

Enter a Servant, gives Sir Harry *a Letter, he opens it careleſsly, and looks in it.*

L. *Conſt.* Do you think ſhe can forgive my blind Tenderneſs in Purſuit of that female Fop?—Will ſhe not deſpiſe ſuch a Heart———

Sir *Har.* No, no, your Heart's an invaluable Heart, it will endure Pain———

L. *Conſt.* She'll not put it to Trial———

Sir *Har.* [*Still reading.*] I don't know that——— She's a Woman——— [*Drops his Letter.*

L. *Conſt.* Ha! What's the Matter?

Sir *Har.* Nothing at all, [*in Diſorder.*] no, nothing ails me, I'm very well.

L. *Conſt.* [*Takes up the Letter.*] you dropp'd your Letter, and your Speech ſeems to falter!

Sir *Har.* Pſhaw! you only imagine ſo!—read, read, my Lord, you'll find wherewithal to flatter your Vanity,—your Predictions are verified.

L. *Conſt.* [*Reads*] Nancy Freelove—[*To Sir* Harry] I ſuppoſe ſome kind Reproaches for half a Day's tedious Abſence!

Sir *Har.* Pſhaw! read, I ſay, for I read but one Word.

L. *Conſt.* [*Reads.*] *I'm no longer yours——I'm married*——— bleſs us!

Sir *Har.* So, proceed; I ſee you can ſcarce contain your Laughter, out with't———

L. *Conſt.* I laugh! O fie,—no faith, I pity you, ha, ha, ha!

Sir *Har.* Come, let's hear it out,—then laugh as much as you will.—[*Aſide.*] Plague! I'm provok'd to Death, and yet muſt not ſhew it.

L. *Conſt.* [Reads] *As my Ruin was your only Fault, I hope you will repair it by forgetting me;—when you robb'd me of my Virtue, you render'd me unworthy your Love.———I have not been true to you; I repent me of*

of my whole Life paſt, and have married a Man I can't love, as a Puniſhment due to my future———

Nancy Freelove.

Ha, ha, ha! exquiſite Woman, i'faith! here's a Nun of a new Order, *Harry*——ſhe changes her Confeſſor for a Husband, as the more likely Perſon, of the two, to inure her to Penance——Plague! Man, can you believe her?

Sir *Har.* Yes faith, thus far—— that ſhe has not married for Love ——

L. *Conſt.* And ſo you think her a *Magdalen*, I ſuppoſe?

Sir *Har.* No Saint neither——ſhe's as big with Pride, as a new Mayoreſs, who tho' ſhe out-lives her Title, is ſure to carry the Vanity of it to her Grave—ſhe wou'd be thought virtuous——a Husband's an infallible Specifick for a cracked Reputation.

L. *Conſt.* O Pride, Pride, thou Idol of the Sex, what Sacrifices are made to thy Influence!

Sir *Har.* Faith, my Lord, ſince Religion is ſo much upon the Decline, 'twere to be wiſh'd that even this Idol were worſhipp'd, at leaſt till better Times come about, and true Virtue recovers her Empire.

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, [*To Sir* Har.] Madam *Araminta* deſires to ſee you in all Haſte.

Sir *Har.* What has happen'd?

Foot. I ſuppoſe, Sir, ſomething concerning Mr. *Cheatly*—for ſhe has got *Tom*, Mr. *Cheatly*'s Man, and Mrs. *Pinwell* with her——and yonder's Sir *Godfrey*, in a violent Storm, he threatens to ſettle his Eſtate upon Mr. *Cheatly*, that ſo he may be reveng'd of Miſs *Flavia*. [*Exit.*

Sir *Har.* Faith, I would fain have ſeen *Nancy*.

L. *Conſt.*

L. *Conſt.* Pr'ythee ſend for her hither—— ſhould the Husband obſerve you, it might prejudice her in his Opinion; and I ſuppoſe you don't mean to continue your Familiarities?

Sir *Har.* No faith, my Lord! I've not quite ſo much of the modern Fine Gentleman about me; I am contented that my Pleaſures, as my Expences, ſhou'd be the Reſult of my own Property—— but ſee Sir *Godfrey*—— let us retire. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Godfrey *and* Cheatly.

Sir *Godf.* Rebellious, undutiful Eloper! ſhe has thwarted my Scheme for her Comfort.

Cheat. Good Sir, encreaſe not the Misfortune by Affliction! your Daughter is not ſo much in Fault as you imagine—— I did not deſerve her—— and ſhe knew it, Sir.

Sir *Godf.* 'Slife, Sir! you were only too good for her.

Cheat. Miſs *Flavia* was ever of an aſpiring and airy Temper. Sir, ſhe acted like a Woman of Quality, thought like a Woman of Quality, dreſs'd like a Woman of Quality, and is, Sir, by Effect of this Step, a *downright* Woman of Quality——

Sir *Godf.* What a Harlot with a Nun's Face have I been nurſing! 'Slife I ne'er begot her. Impoſſible! there was not an Atom of me ever went to the Compoſition of her—— ſhe flew to the Fop by Inſtinct.

Cheat. I muſt own it was a little precipitate.

Sir *God.* Yet I warrant, at nine Months End, I ſhall have a little Puppet ſent me—— with *Alack-a-day, the Infant is hugely like his Grand-papa*: Pox! it's a Lye—— he'll be born with a conceited Squint, and a foppiſh Grimace—— 'Slife, my Eſtate ſhan't be ſquander'd at Cards, Court, Balls, Opera's and Horſe-races; no, I wou'd ſooner build Synagogues—— nay, I wou'd leave it in Charity, and appoint a Parcel of Epicures,

Epicures, and Sots for my Truſtees, who wou'd drink and eat the Intereſt in frequent Meetings for the Good of the Charity.

Cheat. I beſeech you, Sir, compoſe your ſelf, your Reſentment may prejudice your Health.

Sir *Godf.* Good Man! valuable Friend! [*Aſide.*] But I am reſolv'd to prevent all theſe Miſchiefs— Here, Sir, [*Gives a Paper.*] take this, and go to Mr. *Draft-well's*— Thoſe are Inſtructions for ſettling my Eſtate upon you, on Condition that you take my Name with it.

Cheat. Dear Sir, this Exceſs of Generoſity confounds me.

Sir *Godf.* Sir, if you would oblige me, uſe no Ceremony, but go this Inſtant.

Cheat. Sir, I am all Obedience. [*Going.*

Enter Araminta, *Lord* Conſtant, *and Sir* Harry.

Sir *Har.* [*Stops* Cheatly.] Hold; Sir, you muſt abate of your Hurry.

Sir *Godf.* Gentlemen, I hope you don't mean to be rude?

Sir *Har.* By no means, Sir— we are all Love and Friendſhip; this is the civileſt, beſt-natur'd Viſit you ever receiv'd in your Life.

Sir *Godf.* I can diſcover it in nothing but your Words—— Pray, no longer detain that Gentleman.

Sir *Har.* This Gentleman! ha, ha, ha! [*To* Cheatly] Why, Sir, do you aſſume the Title of Gentleman— [*To Sir* Godfrey.] No, Sir, he's modeſt— you ſee he owns he's a Scoundrel.

Sir *Godf.* Sir *Harry*, you're inſolent——

Cheat. [*Aſide.*] Zooks, I tremble, I fear I am diſcover'd—— This, Sir, is no Place to return coarſe Language— but you will not always have a Sanctuary——

Sir *Har.*

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha! Behold how Mock-Courage ſits upon Mock-Gentlemen.

Sir *Godf.* I can contain my ſelf no longer—— I am in my own Houſe, and muſt, tho' againſt my Inclination, aſſume the Authority of it—— Sir *Harry*, I deſire you to quit this Place; you will not, I hope, put me under the Neceſſity of uſing harſher Methods—

Sir *Har.* Give me Leave, Sir, to introduce but one Gentleman more—— that done, I ſhall diſturb you no longer. [*Sir* Harry *goes behind the Scenes, and brings in* Tom, *who looks down and dejected.*

Cheat. [*Aſide*] Nay, then I am undone——

Sir *Har.* This, Sir, is *Cheatly*'s Man—— they were Fellow-Servants, when *Cheatly* went by his own Name of POWDERPUFF.

Cheat. [*To* Tom.] What! and have you told him, Scoundrel?

Tom. Not I truly, Sir, it was Miſs *Flavia*'s Woman, Mrs. *Pinwell.*

Cheat. And who told Mrs. *Pinwell?*

Tom. [*Sobbs and kneels.*] I— alas! it was my Misfortune to be in Love—— You know, Sir, that

At once to be a Wit, and love,
Would puzzle all the Gods above.

[*In a crying Tone.*

Sir *Godf.* Mercy on us! where will this end?

Sir *Har.* Come honeſt Heroick *Tom*, what more have you confeſs'd to Mrs. *Pinwell?*

Tom. Nay, to be ſure ſhe cou'd keep nothing—— My Maſter there, is a *Swiſs* born; his real Deſign upon Sir *Godfrey* was not to marry his Daughter, but to get a little Money out of him, by ſelling Pawnbrokers Pictures, and a few Sharpers Rareties.

Sir *Godf.* I ſee I have been abuſed! moſt groſly abuſed—— But, as for that Villain. [*To* Cheatly.]

Cheat.

Cheat. None of your ill Language, Sir; I am as good a Gentleman as any of you all.

Sir *Godf.* How!— *Powderpuff* a Gentleman?

Cheat. Yes, Sir—— I can ride in my Coach and Six; wear fine Clothes, refuſe to pay my Debts—— and let me ſee one among you who is able to do more?

Sir *Godf.* Aſtoniſhment!— But how can you pretend to all this? by what Means, pray?

Cheat. By the ſame Means, Sir, as Fools are complimented with Wiſdom; Rogues, with Honeſty; the Diſſolute, with Virtue; the Profane, with Religion; the Diſcontented, with Patriotiſm; and your Daughter with Chaſtity—— It's no Secret, Sir; and even your Anceſtors knew it— A Man is a Rogue now and then, in Purſuit; but when he has got it, he obtains Abſolution— Money, Sir— Money——

Sir *Godf.* Money! gadſo! we ſhall hear of a Robbery!— Pray Heaven, he has not been fingering my Bank Notes!

Tom. Alas-a-day, no, Sir— my Maſter is married to a rich young Widow—— one that your Lordſhip [*To* Conſtant.] knows very well.

L. *Conſt.* 'Sdeath, *Harry*, poor *Freelove*'s ruin'd.

Sir *Har.* I ſee ſhe is, and ſhe muſt thank her own Pride.

Sir *Godf.* [*To* Cheatly.] And my Money, Sir— have I paid you any for Trumpery?

Cheat. Ha, ha, ha! Trumpery! your Cabinet is all Trumpery!

Sir *Godf.* Hear him, ye Gods! [*Goes to ſtrike* Cheatly, *but is prevented by Lord* Conſtant.] Zooks I'll——

L. *Conſt.* Sir, my Lord and Lady *Modely* are here; for Heaven's Sake compoſe your ſelf—— you'll find that Wretch is ſufficiently puniſh'd.

Sir *Godf.* 'Slife! but he is not— My Lord, he's a Villain— What! ſhall I be patient, and hear ſuch a Scoundrel, as he is, ſpeak ill of my Cabinet?

Enter

Enter Lord and Lady Modely; *they kneel.*

Sir *Har.* Come, Come, Sir *Godfrey*; you muſt be reconciled, you muſt give them your Bleſſing——— 'Twas happy ſhe fail'd in her Duty; you ſee how much worſe it had been otherwiſe.

Sir *Godf.* Why that's wiſely obſerv'd, Sir *Harry!* it had been worſe, as you ſay, indeed—— Well, Children, I give you my Bleſſing— But, pray, make the moſt of it; for that's all you are likely to have of me— [*Lord and Lady* Modely *riſe.*] Well, *Flavia*, I hope you'll make a more dutiful Wife than you have a Daughter.

L. *Mode.* O Lard, Sir— a dutiful Wife! I hope I ſhall make a dutiful Husband rather— Her Ladyſhip muſt always command, Sir.

Sir *Godf.* [*Mimicks* Modely's *Tone of Voice.*] A Plague! ſhe muſt—— It's to be hoped then, you'll be notably govern'd.

Enter Freelove, *handed by Sir* Harry.

Cheat. Confuſion! my Wife here!—— What can this mean?

L. *Mode.* [*Runs to* Freelove.] Stap my Breath! little *Freelove* too! what a Pax has brought you here, you little Devil, you? [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Free. A very unhappy Accident, my Lord!

L. *Mode.* Ha! I'm ſorry for that, tho'— What is it, pray?

Free. I'm married!

L. *Mode.* Nay, faith, that's unfortunate enough! 'Tis confining an old rambling Bird to a Cage, igad!

Cheat. My Lord, do you know that's my Wife you're ſpeaking to—— You needn't feel her Palms neither. [*Puts* Modely *aſide.*

L. *Mode.*

L. *Mode.* [*With an affected Gravity.*] No more I need, as thou ſay'ſt. Igad it's no ſuch great Novelty— 'Sheart Man! ſhe and I have heretofore——— But no matter for that—— Hark ye, [*Whiſpers.*] She was *Harry Gaylove*'s Miſtreſs, and her Name's *Nancy Freelove.*

Cheat. Say you ſo? Horns and Cuckoldom! [*To* Freelove.] You Witch!

L. *Mode.* Ho, la, *Harry!* here's the new-marry'd Pair going together by the Ears— a little unſeaſonably, and out o' Decorum.

Sir *Har.* Pox! my Lord, you've been telling.

L. *Mode.* What?

Sir *Har.* O hang you, what a Queſtion!—— Mr. *Cheatly*, I beſeech you———

Cheat. Aye, aye, Sir—— You're in the right to be civil to your Cuckold.

Sir *Har.* Huſh, huſh, don't expoſe your ſelf to the Ladies——— Your Wife's a Woman o' Family, and you've now made her virtuous, at leaſt ſhe may paſs for ſuch.

Cheat. 'Slife, Sir, ſhe can't paſs upon me——

Sir *Har.* Look ye, Sir, behave your ſelf decently, and I'll provide for you— or ſhould you reject the Conditions, I can teach you good Manners.

Cheat. The Alternative, I think, admits of no Heſitation; 'tis better put on my Harneſs contentedly, than be compelled into my Traces.

Sir *Har.* Ladies, this is Mrs. *Cheatly*— She's a Gentlewoman, but happens not to be ſo great a Fortune as Mr. *Cheatly* expected— I ſent for her, that ſhe may partake of our Mirth.

Sir *Godf. Harry*, thou didſt well— Mrs. *Cheatly*, I am your humble Servant— Ifaith, you're a pretty Creature, and you are welcome, were it for no other Reaſon than becauſe you brought that Scoundrel no Fortune.

Sir *Har.* [*To Sir* Godfrey.] This Morning, Sir, when I would have ask'd your Daughter for my Lord *Conſtant*, you thought fit not to hear me; now, I muſt beg your Conſent for my Siſter———

Sir *Godf.* With whom, pray? for I ſhall be nice upon that Article.

Sir *Har.* With my Lord *Conſtant*, Sir.

Sir *Godf.* You have her, my Lord! you have her: Come hither, my Dear, [*To* Araminta.] thou haſt ever been a generous Girl, and this Choice is a Proof of thy Prudence. [*Gives her to Lord* Conſtant.

L. *Conſt.* I am too happy to be calm enough to deſcribe my own Bleſſings.

Flav. [*Aſide.*] Lard! I wiſh I had marry'd him.

Sir *Godf.* [*To Lord* Conſtant.] My Lord, you've look'd for a Wife, not a Fortune; but that Lady is both, and the Bulk of what long has appear'd to be mine, belongs to her only.

L. *Mode.* Ha! rat me! how's that, Sir? pray Sir, how's that?

Sir *Godf.* Her Uncle, my Brother, left forty thouſand Pounds in truſt, to be paid that Lady on her Marriage; ſtrictly enjoining me to keep it ſecret, leſt the Proſpect of ſo great a Fortune, giving a wrong Turn to her Expectation, might have ruin'd her Conduct— [*To* Modely.] As for the reſt of my Fortune, which I intended to have ſettled on *Cheatly*, it is the Family Eſtate, and ſhall even go, where it ought, to my younger Brother, who wants it.

L. *Mode.* [*To* Flavia.] Death's Curſe, my Dear, are you to have no Fortune at all— rat me!

Sir *Har.* Yes, my Lord, Sir *Godfrey* will leave you his Muſeum, his Cabinet of Curioſities.

Sir *Godf.* Leave my Muſeum to a Beau— No, no, no! my Curioſities I intend for the Royal-Society— I am a Member already, and in a fair Way of being Preſident.

L. *Mode.*

L. *Mode.* Preſident— Why, look ye, Sir, I wou'd not give this Pinch o' Snuff for your Cabinet and Preſidentſhip— ſtap my Breath if I would.

L. *Conſt.* Your Lady is an Eſtate to you, my Lord! ſhe is rich in every Accompliſhment that make the Joy of a Man o' Mode— Now, for my Part, ſhould this Lady [*To* Araminta.] judge ſo meanly of me, as to diſtruſt that any Acceſſion of Fortune could add Senſe to my Happineſs, I ſhould look upon that Diſcovery as my greateſt Misfortune.

Aram. I can never entertain a Thought that will interfere with your Happineſs.

L. *Conſt.* I believe it, Madam!—— Dear *Harry*, [*Embraces Sir* Harry.] let thy Siſter's Virtues warm thee into an Emulation of poſſeſſing ſuch Happineſs as ſhe has given me— and this Example of my Reformation, teach thee, how miſtaken we are in our Hopes when we purſue the gaudy glittering Meteors of the Sex— By thoſe we are led through all the Mazes of a diſtracted Life— But

[*Takes* Araminta *by the Hand.*

When Woman's Beauty is with Temper bleſt,
And Wiſdom's Charms are in the Wife poſſeſt,
Marriage is Happineſs, exempt from Care,
And every Weakneſs *errs* in *Safety* there.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

L. Matt. Prodigal— Why, look ye, Sir, I would not give this Pitch o' Snuff for your Cabinet and Prodigality— flap my Breech if I would.

L. Cast. Your Lady is an Heir to you, my Lord! She is rich, in every Accomplishment that make the Joy of a Man o' Mode— Now, for my Part, should this Lady [To Araminta] judge so meanly of me, as to dislike that any Accession of Fortune could add Scale to my Happiness, I should look upon that Discovery as my greatest Misfortune.

Aram. I can never entertain a Thought that will interfere with your Happiness.

L. Cast. I believe it, Madam!— Dear Harry, [Embracing Sir Harry.] let thy Sister's Virtues warm thee into an Emulation of perfecting such Happiness as she has given me— and take Example of my Reformation, teach thee, how infinitely we are in our Hopes when we pursue the Ready glittering Meteors of the Sun— By that Light are lost Amongst all the Mazes of wild Error. [Takes Araminta by the Hand.

When Woman's Beauty is with Temper blest,
And Wisdom's Charms are in the Virtuous breast,
Marriage is Happiness, exempt from Care,
And every Wish succeeds in Sally there.

[Exeunt omnes.